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m. F. Buckley Jr. on David Kennedy
—see page 55

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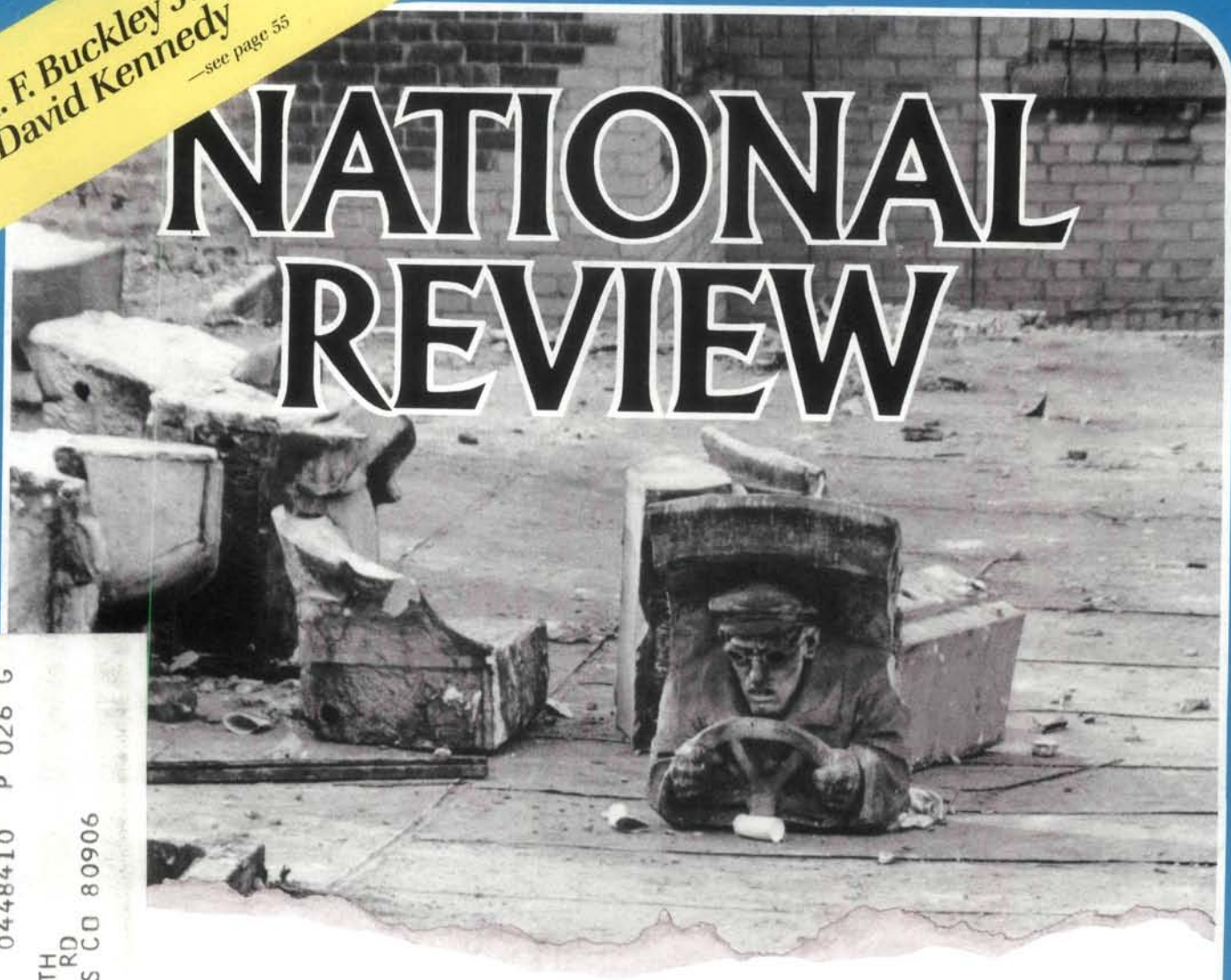

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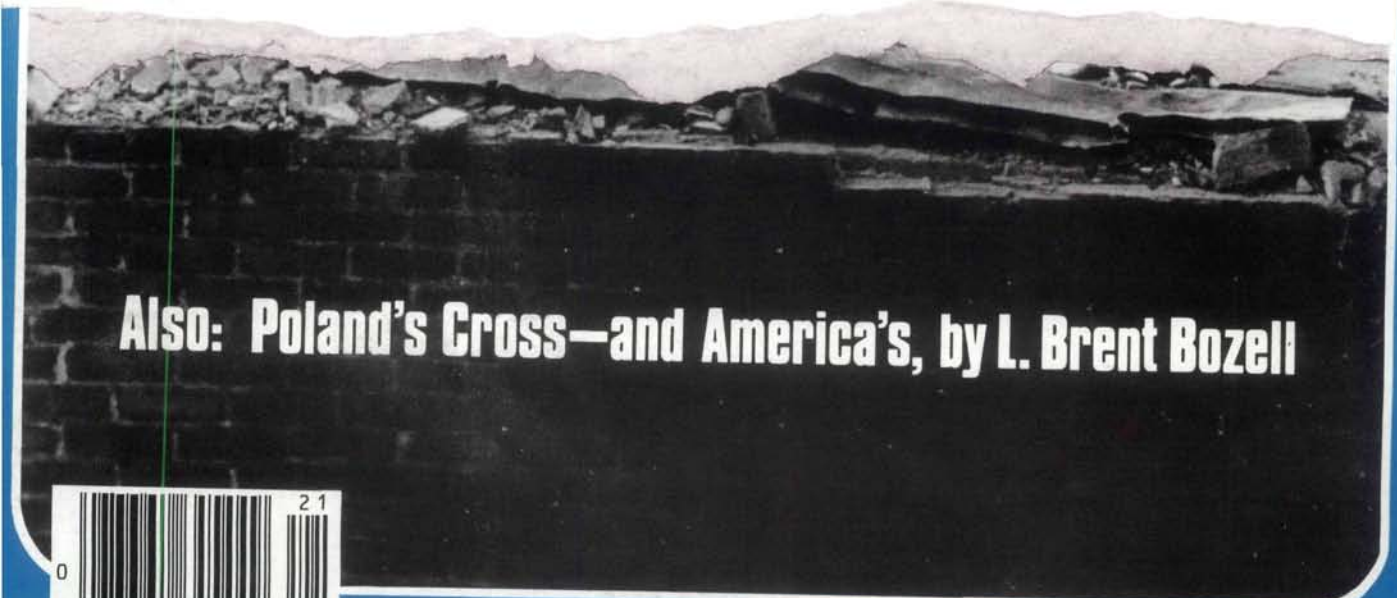
OKING BACK ON CHILE, 1973–1984

Claudia Rosett



Also: Poland's Cross—and America's, by L. Brent Bozell

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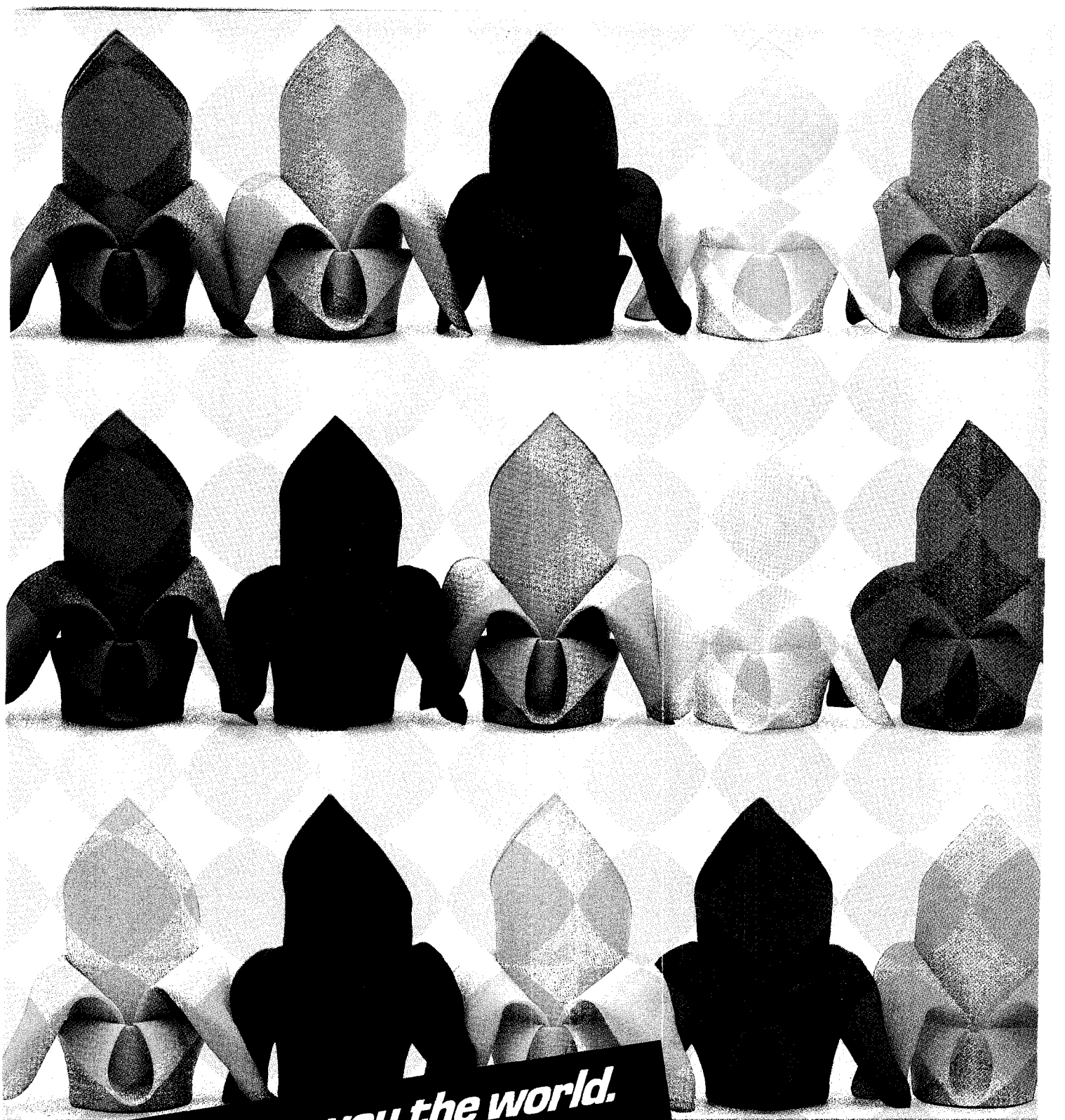

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LETTERS

Supreme Surprise

I was skeptical, to say the least, when I read your contents-page intro to "The Mind of Justice Brennan" [by Stephen J. Markman and Alfred S. Regnery, May 18]. I mean, I've followed the Supreme Court for a number of years in a non-scholarly, newspaper-reading sort of way, and William Brennan is the last name that comes to mind when I'm discussing Supreme Court Justices. John Paul Stevens means more to me. So what, I asked, could Brennan have done?

Seek and ye shall find. One man, one vote. Affirmative action. "Redeeming social importance." The *New York Times* rule. Phrases that have become so commonplace we forget they once had an author—phrases that have changed not only our everyday lives but our world view, even for those of us who resist them.

Quite a job of work, even for a career as long as Brennan's.

Tanya Gould
Chicago, Ill.

In Attendance

To supplement Brian Crozier's comments on President Reagan's non-attendance at Yuri Andropov's funeral [April 6], my Kremlin source (very highly placed) reports that Konstantin Chernenko was anything but distressed.

Indeed, he is reported to have said to his wife, "That Reagan is a guy to go to the well with! I wouldn't attend Andropov's funeral myself except that I want to make sure the *svoloch* stays dead."

John P. Roche
Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy
Medford, Mass.

Culture Clash

Michael Novak's column entitled "The Revolt against Our Public Culture" [May 4] was an asinine stretch of moral-majoritarian stupidity. His diatribe against modern movies, television, and contemporary entertainment in general raises questions about the mindset of many self-styled "conservatives" and debases modern conservatism by associating it with neo-Victorianism.

As far as secularization goes, it is something that is inevitable and goes hand in hand with the development of a modern, industrialized society. Secular values are more important to the overwhelming majority of the people than are religious values, myths, and taboos. Popular culture is merely a reflection of the overall society.

Mr. Novak's statement, "Chastity and the governance of passion among the young are not solely private goods," reflects an Ayatollah-type mentality that should alarm even the most red-necked Holy Roller. It is worth noting that the only societies in the modern world that attempt to regulate private sexual behavior are Communist nations like China and Islamic nations like Iran. With sex education and birth control, "chastity" can go to its long-overdue demise without any problems.

D. Kevin Maitland
Church Road, Va.

Michael Novak is absolutely right in saying that "our own public moral culture . . . is a disgrace to the human race." He is absolutely wrong in asserting that this moral culture is "formed pre-eminently by television, cinema, and music." There will be no moral revulsion against this public culture, as he predicts there will, because television, cinema, and what passes for "music" represent the lowest common denominator of public taste. What the public ardently desires—and what sells—is vulgarity, titillation, badinage, and noise.

There is an ongoing moral collapse of traditional institutions—family, neighborhood, and community—not because of disease, insanity, or the corrupting influence of TV, etc., but because of a willful abdication of moral responsibility at all levels. Caring has been institutionalized, and the concepts of sin, evil, and guilt have been blandly converted into "problems" to be solved by social-service agencies and by criminal and juvenile courts.

Wilson Bucher
Columbia, Pa.

"The Revolt against Our Public Culture" is one of the finest articles I have read in recent years, and I must admit it is worth my year's subscription. Mr. Novak hit the nail squarely on the head.

Charles C. Smith
Kingsland, Ga.

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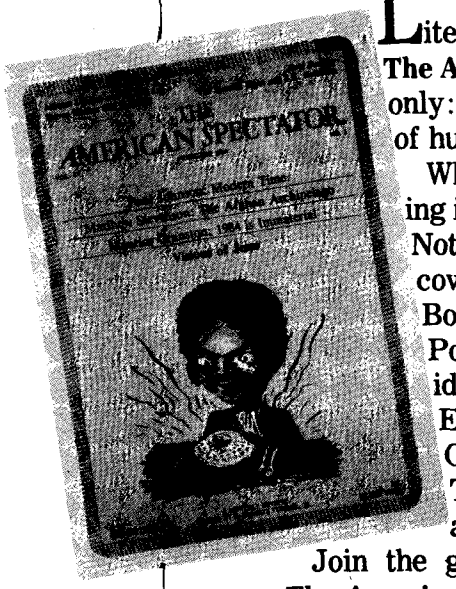

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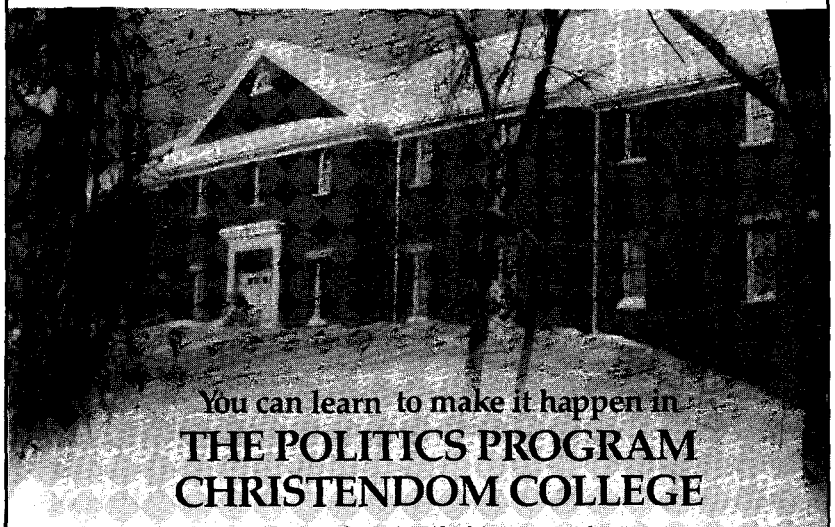

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Cable Thoughts

We read the article "Gutter Politics in the Global Village," by Richard Armstrong [May 4]. The discussion of the use of cable was of interest to us since we have already used it for our congressional race here in Bucks County, and the candidate, David A. Christian, is a Republican!

We ran a three-week test flight—March 19 to April 9—on ESPN, CNN, and USA. We tested two different ads during that period, using geographic segmentation. We achieved our goals, and have learned a lot for roll-out use this November.

John O'Leary
Levittown, Pa.

I agree with Richard Armstrong's analysis of the effectiveness of cable television in raising the appeal of politicians who target special audiences.

At the same time, however, I shudder at the effectiveness of cable pornography in lowering the moral standards of America's children. Let's hold off on glorifying cable's "new freedom" lest it prove to be nothing more than a high-tech pathway to further decadence.

Teresa Powers
Bronx, N.Y.

Title IX Trouble

I believe you have misstated the result of the Supreme Court's decision in the Grove City College case [" 'Civil Rights' *v.* Freedom," "The Week," April 20].

First you state that "the Supreme Court has ruled in favor of Grove City College. . . ." Not exactly. The college contended that it should not be required to execute an Assurance of Compliance with Title IX because its participation in the Basic Educational Opportunity Grants program did not involve direct receipt of federal funds, since the grants were paid to the students themselves under the so-called Alternate Disbursement System. The Court determined that even this procedure triggered compliance with Title IX regulations requiring execution of such an Assurance.

On the other hand, you state that the decision "merely limited the government's means of retaliation to the specific programs affected under Title IX . . . —women's academic and sports programs . . ." If women's academic and sports programs were affected, the result would be sweeping rather than limited. In that event, one might ask what would not be affected. On the contrary, the Court said that the college would be required to execute only an Assurance which was "program-specific," that is, relating to its

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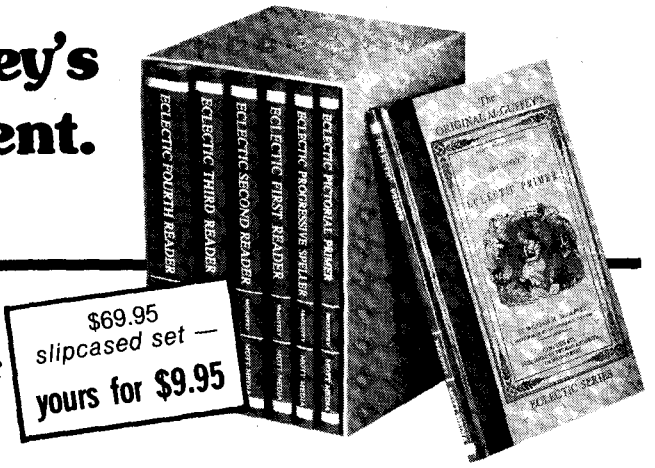

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own financial-aid program, and nothing more. This is the point at which the college won the war if not the battle.

The foregoing distinctions involve more than the splitting of hairs. They are of vital importance to all private educational institutions.

Milburn K. Noell Jr.
Memphis, Tenn.

Syria and Survival

Brian Crozier really missed the mark in his May 4 report entitled "Lebanon and Staying Power."

In this column he noted that the Israeli incursion "doesn't seem, in the end, to have achieved very much (although the removal and partial discrediting of the PLO's Yasir Arafat is something, to be sure)." He also noted that "Two countries, or rather regimes [the Syrians and the Soviets], . . . are not doing too badly."

Mr. Crozier failed to check his maps. The withdrawal of the Allied peacekeeping force, as a result of Syrian pressure, left Israel occupying a good chunk of southern Lebanon; this, together with its occupation of the Golan Heights and the West Bank, gives Israel complete control of the high ground around its own territory. Further, although Israel failed to completely discredit the PLO and Yasir Arafat, Syria—in what I regard as an example of fraternal helpfulness—completed the job for it.

Thus, in the end—meaning the end beyond Mr. Crozier's end—Syria not only ensured the sealing of the Israeli northern defense line and so foreclosed the possibility of a Syrian attack, but it also rendered valueless the huge aid package given to Syria by the Soviets, destroyed a well-armed and dedicated enemy of Israel, and freed the United States, and Israel, to concentrate on the Persian Gulf area—an area truly vital to the West's survival.

So let's hear it for Syria.

Raymond Garmel
Indianapolis, Ind.

More on Mercantilism

Despite my admiration for the incisive Dr. Friedman, his commentary [April 6] leaves unanswered what is to me the central tenet of Hawkins's article: Should we protect those industries essential to survival—such as agriculture—or to national security—such as steel—and if so, how? Should the inconceivable happen, and a conventional war without nukes develop, interrupting the free trade upon which we have grown dependent, will we then be paralyzed?

I would welcome his views, having scratched my Friedman-like bald pate a few times on the matter, particularly in the matter of agricultural subsidization where the alternative to government-contrived surplus was, historically, occasional famine (simply because of crop failures). Doesn't the same principle apply to key strategic industries in regard to defense? Is there some way to ensure the survival of essential industry without exploitation? That is the political problem.

Eugene T. Kemp
Owego, N.Y.

Professor Hawkins is quite right in suggesting that we keep an eye on the dictionary when we call anyone a "socialist" ["Letters," May 4]. On the other hand, there may be a place for a type of definition that is not found in dictionaries—something suggested by physicist P. W. Bridgman's "operational definitions."

In the present case, when "private" ownership of the means of production is so hemmed in and restricted by laws and regulations that it becomes ownership in name only, does that constitute socialism? Not according to the dictionary; but in terms of results, the difference might be hard to discern (cf. George Roche's book *America by the Throat*, also discussed in the same "Letters" column). We already have volumes upon volumes of laws and regulations; it appears that Professor Hawkins would add to these the power of the federal purse-strings. The difference between this outcome and "true" socialism is only one of degree—and of time; the socialist condition is approached asymptotically. Attempting to deny this outcome by citing dictionary definitions is simply semantic sleight of hand.

As for "redistribution . . . on the basis of equality," which Professor Hawkins rightly decries, what we have now might be called redistribution on the basis of political clout. It does not strike me that that's such a good thing, either. But Professor Hawkins's proposals would further increase the role of politics in our already politically battered economy.

Charles H. Chandler
Malden, Mass.

Deficit Doubts

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Typical was an editorial, "The Republicans Bite" ["The Week," May 4], in which Republican doubters were chastised for their unfaithfulness to the cause of deficit spending. Democrats were also lambasted for their hypocrisy in attacking what had been a sacred Democratic tradition—spending what we ain't got.

Pardon me, but didn't conservatives once howl in awful lamentation about deficit spending? I believe I remember reading articles in past issues of *NR* over the years suggesting that wild and unchecked spending beyond the government's means was not a good thing. In fact, quite a bit of conservative print and invective was expended in criticizing past Democratic Administrations for their budgetary profligacy, if I'm not mistaken.

I am just one of the conservative grass roots out here in the hinterland, but I am extremely nervous about multi-hundred-billion-dollar federal deficits. I'm sorry, but spending money that isn't there smacks of radical and hazardous economic practice to me. Is that old-fashioned and out-of-date thinking for Atari conservatives, or what?

Richard L. Voss
Elkhorn, Wisc.

Money Matters

The trivial nature of the Meeses' $15,000 interest-free loan ["On the Right," May 4] is evident. Not so obvious, however, is the truth of your assertion that "the loanmaker got 8 per cent interest" on his money, as "Mr. Meese and company reduced inflation from 13 to 5 per cent." Mr. Meese may have reduced the loanmaker's losses by the difference between 13 and 5 per cent. But the loan was still made at a loss, not a gain.

Ken Worthington
Washington, D.C.

Real Consideration

"The Week" [April 6] showed a shocking lack of memory and even good sense. *NR* should have reminded readers that after the assassination attempt, President Reagan explained to us all his regret at no longer being free to attend church regularly. Any church he would go to would have to have all members of the congregation checked for weapons, and the building would have to be surrounded by Secret Service agents. Rather than impose this difficulty on his fellow Christians, the President has refrained from attending public worship. Undoubtedly Tip O'Neill knows that as well as we do.

John and Hope Kirkpatrick
New Haven, Conn.

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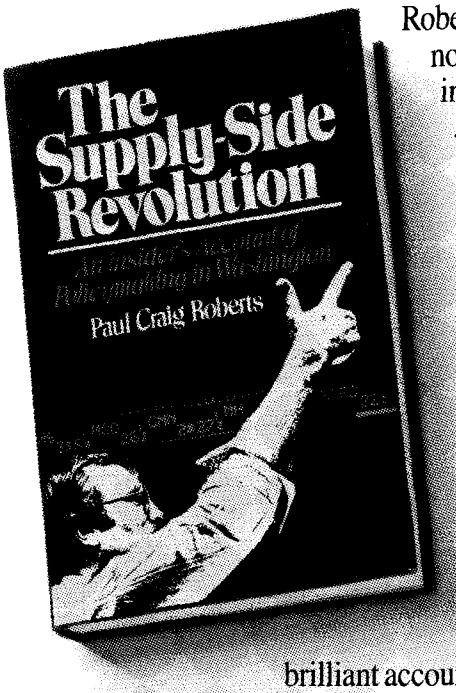

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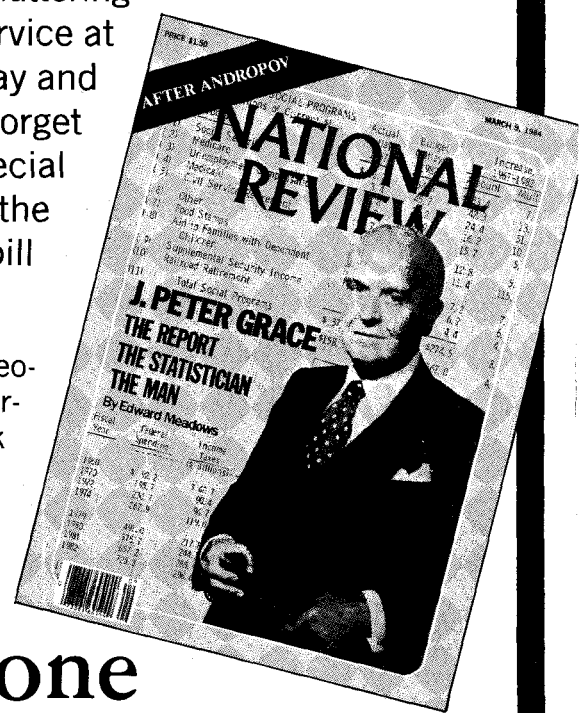

NR makes an ideal gift for hard-to-please people—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are back in style on the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

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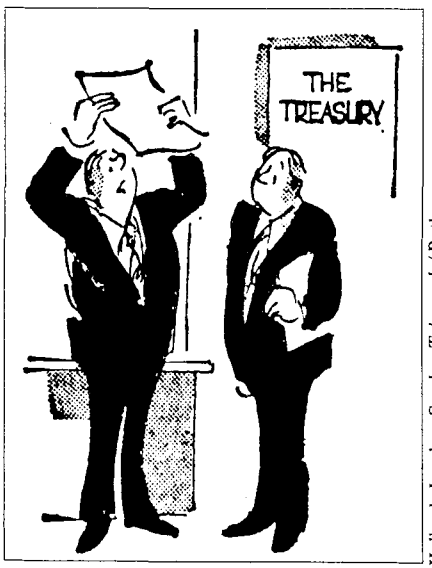
FOR THE RECORD

Possibly the most important development of the fortnight was unheralded decision of **John Anderson** not to run on National Unity Party ticket this year. That, says **Charles Manatt**, Democratic National Chairman, could mean as many as four million additional Democratic votes. Four of every five voters who would have supported Anderson, says Manatt, "would have come from our [Democratic] ranks." . . . *Washington Post* political columnist **David Broder** says Anderson's exit now frees **Mondale** to go after the Anderson vote—"the relatively young (thirty to forty), relatively affluent college graduates in professional or managerial jobs, living on the East or West Coast and classifying themselves either as liberal Democrats or as moderate-liberal independents"—i.e., by taking as running-mate a **Gary Hart** type, or Gary Hart himself. . . . Mayor **Andrew Young** of Atlanta, who has not given his support to **Jesse Jackson**, predicts flat out that Mondale will tap Hart for the job. . . . Which is why party elders **Robert Strauss** (former DNC) and former Sen. **George McGovern** took to the air last week (*Meet the Press*) to urge Hart to get off his kill-Mondale kick in the interest of party unity. . . . On the other hand, there's a boomlet for a Southern running-mate, namely Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** of Texas, who campaigned vigorously for and with Mondale in Texas. . . . Sen. **Fritz Hollings**, a pro in these matters, has warned that Mondale must win in the South and Southwest to have any hope of unseating **Reagan**, and that to do so he must run with a Southern moderate. . . . Former Sen. **Eugene McCarthy**, incidentally, says Hollings was the only "genuine person" among the party's eight early contenders.

Any Chinese who wanted to tune in got Ronald Reagan's speeches uncensored, courtesy of **Ken Tomlinson**'s Voice of America. They were rebroadcast in both Chinese and English, with Reagan's warnings against Soviet aggression and his praise of God and democracy restored. The Chinese, unlike the Soviets, do not jam VOA. . . . In noting thirtieth anniversary of General **Vo Nguyen Giap**'s victory over the French at Dienbienphu, French newspaper stories pointed out that only ten thousand of the forty thousand French troops captured in the Indochina war were ever returned to France. . . . In England, a poll in the liberal *Observer* indicates Britons perceive **Margaret Thatcher** as the toughest prime minister since **Winston Churchill**. Poll also finds the majority feel she is doing a good job, while still finding her too right-wing for their taste.

Robert Krueger has decided not to seek a full-scale recount of that paper-thin Texas Democratic senatorial primary, so it will be conservative Rep. **Kent Hance** against liberal State Senator **Lloyd Doggett**, with odds at the moment, favoring Doggett. Winner runs against ex-Boll Weevil Democrat, current GOP Rep. **Phil Gramm**, who buried his two major opponents, Rep. **Ron Paul** (a libertarian) and **Rob Mosbacher**, taking 73 per cent of the vote. . . . Things livened up in Massachusetts last week when Democratic front-runner in the multi-candidate senatorial field, Rep. **Edward Markey**, pulled out of race for personal reasons (he thought he might lose). That leaves Rep. **James Shannon** (**Tip O'Neill**'s favorite) and former Vietnam vet Lt. Gov. **John Kerry** in the lead. . . . On Republican side, **Elliot Richardson** still leads handily in polls but **Ray Shamie**, who ran relatively well against **Teddy Kennedy** two years ago, is campaigning aggressively and pinning Richardson to the wall on some positions. Richardson, a quintessential Republican moderate (Rockefeller style), favors the freeze, a new **Monroe** Doctrine excluding both superpowers from Latin America, etc., and has so far dodged challenges to debate Shamie on these issues.



Holland, London *Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

"They're forged money-supply figures!"

On the Right: Former *NR* staffer **Paul Gigot** has won Overseas Press Club award for best business-news reporting of the year. Gigot will be editor of *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page in its Asian edition. . . . **John McLaughlin**'s *The McLaughlin Group* celebrated its second anniversary in Washington last week, is now carried on a hundred PBS stations. Its home station is NBC's WRC-TV in Washington. . . . **Lee Edwards** is back as editor of **Richard Viguerie**'s *Conservative Digest*. . . . The German and French bishops' pastoral letters on war and peace, with intro by Father **James Schall**, now available from Ignatius Press (P.O. Box 18990, San Francisco, Calif. 94118). . . . **Vladimir Bukovsky** and **Andrew Grigorenko** among speakers at Arlington, Va., conference on Religion and Ethnic Oppression in the USSR, May 16-18. For info: call Marymount College in Arlington, 703-522-5660.

Soviet refugee comic **Yakov Smirnoff** finds many resemblances between political systems in U.S. and USSR. For instance, the Soviet Union also has two political parties: the living and the dead. And a secret ballot with two boxes. "The secret is you put your ballot in one box or they put you in the other."

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THE WEEK

☐ *Christa*, a four-foot, 250-pound figure of a female Christ crucified, has been making waves at the ultra-liberal Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, bully pulpit for the ultra-wacko Bishop Paul Moore Jr., where *Christa* was on display for 11 days. Bishop Walter Dennis, who is minding the diocese while Bishop Moore is in California on a leave of absence, sorely needed, called the figure "theologically and historically indefensible," but Moore, a self-appointed champion of women, gays, and other victims of American oppression, has made no public comment. The statue, which was sculpted by Edwina Sandys, a granddaughter of Winston Churchill, is unclad but presumed to be straight.

☐ Memo to: Walter Mondale
Gary Hart
Jesse Jackson
From: Gus Hall, Presidential Candidate,
Communist Party, U.S.A.

Gents, you're getting there, but see if you can top this (from my May Day speech to my constituents). I called for the "indictment, conviction, and impeachment of Ronald Reagan
—for terrorism, piracy, and lawlessness on the high seas
—for acts leading to nuclear war by planting first-strike cruise and Pershing missiles at the doorstep of the Soviet Union
—for acting as a world center of covert terrorism and undeclared wars
—for policies that are directly responsible for murdering millions in Vietnam, Indonesia, Chile, Angola, and South Africa
—for destroying the Social Security system and creating more poverty, more hunger, and more homelessness."

☐ Not so long ago, you were called racist for suggesting that black people's problems might best be handled by black people. Today, after white folks' solutions have given blacks about five times as many problems as they had to start with, the theme of self-help has come back strong. And it's not just Jesse Jackson and Louis Farrakhan. At the recent Black Family Summit in Nashville, John Jacob of the National Urban League said: "In concentrating on the wrongs of discrimination and poverty, we may have neglected the fact there is a lot we can do about our own problems ourselves." Others urged shifting the emphasis from government programs to black institutions like the churches. Benjamin Hooks of the NAACP spoke of the possibilities of black entrepreneurship. And there was a definite candor concerning those social pathologies—single mothers in particular—that Daniel Patrick Moynihan, George Gilder, and Thomas Sowell caused scandal by calling systematic attention to. It looks as if the country's black leadership is breaking out of the orbit of white liberalism.

☐ Campaigning in San Antonio with Mayor Henry Cisneros at his side, Walter Mondale bellowed that Cisneros had dissented from the "so-called" Kissinger Commission on Central America, of which he had been a member. No doubt it would have been impolitic for Mayor Cisneros to have corrected him then and there, so we shall take up the task. 1) Cisneros, a Democrat, served on the commission and signed the report, along with 11 other commission members, several of them Democrats (Lane Kirkland, Richard Scammon, Robert Strauss). 2) Cisneros appended a "note," as did seven other commissioners. His note urged that former moderates among the Salvadoran rebels be brought into the election-planning process, and that aid to the Nicaraguan *Contras* be suspended for one year, during which time the Sandinistas would be expected to end censorship, offer amnesty, hold elections, free the Catholic Church, and stop exporting revolution. 3) "The use of Nicaragua as a base for Soviet and Cuban efforts to penetrate the rest of the Central American isthmus, with El Salvador as the target of first opportunity, gives the conflict there a major strategic dimension. . . . This is a challenge to which the United States must respond." /s/ Henry G. Cisneros.

☐ For years, Norman Lear types have tried to shock Democratic checkbooks into a panic by predicting all sorts of scary things that would befall America because of the dreaded political-action committees. Governments would be bought and traded, human rights destroyed, nuclear wars waged, kittens massacred, cool summer breezes banned, you name it. Now, Lear et

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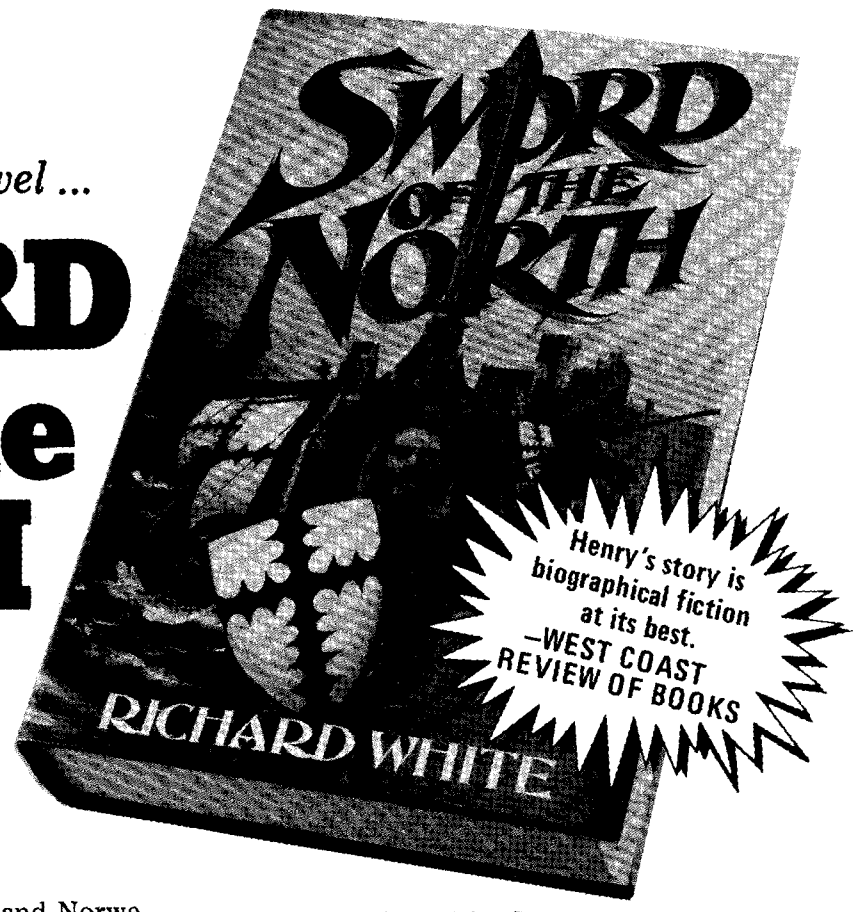
An epic Christian novel ...

SWORD of the NORTH



The story of Henry Sinclair, a Scots genius whose glowing life will kindle faith and pride in all Christians.

Sinclair, who was Baron of Roslyn and Norwegian Jarl of Orkney, sailed to the new world 97 years before Columbus did.

Sinclair was an authentic 14th century hero. Together with his loyal kinsman, Sir Ingram Gunn, Sinclair outfitted an expedition and sailed west from the Orkney Islands, north of Scotland.

With his band of Scots and Islanders, Sinclair wintered among the Indians of Nova Scotia. Then, in the spring of 1395, sailed for home. A gale drove the mariners southward to what is now Boston Harbor, and the evidence shows that Sinclair and Gunn actually camped in Massachusetts almost a century before Columbus bumped into San Salvador.

What Evidence?

- In 1955, archeologist Frank Glynn uncovered a six-foot figure of an armored knight hammered into a rock near Westford, Massachusetts. A tracing of the device on the knight's shield was sent to the royal officer of arms, Sir Iain Moncreiffe of that Ilk. He identified the device as that of Clan Gunn at that point in history.
- A 14th century Venetian manuscript (partially extant) written by Antonio Zeno, Sinclair's admiral, recounts the voyage to a "great land to the west."
- When missionaries came to Nova Scotia in the 16th century, they discovered that the natives not only had heard of Jesus, but knew the story of Jack and the Beanstalk.
- Noted scholars—T.C. Lethbridge, F. Pohl, C.M Boland —all assert that Sinclair did in fact discover America.

But facts can be dull, cold things. *Sword of the North* is not. It is a glowing account of a courageous and virtuous laird whose family life, diplomacy in the service of both King Robert and Norway's beautiful Queen Margaret, pacification of island pirates, and Christian service, were brilliant.

Here's What the Critics Say:

"A memorable work of fiction...richly deserves to succeed."
—Topeka Capital Journal

"....appealing characters, plentiful action..."
—Library Journal

"....Characterizations are vivid...so is the dialogue."
—Publishers Weekly

"an unusually well humanized historical novel..."
—Virginia Pilot and Star Ledger

"...a book worth reading, and worth keeping."
—Leisure Dining

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"An absorbing saga...a thoroughly enjoyable tale."
—South Bend Tribune

"...a fascinating historical novel...It is an extraordinary first novel and highly recommended!"
—Scandinavian-American Bulletin

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

BILL BROCK, President Reagan's chief trade officer, has told automakers that voluntary import quotas on Japanese cars would not be reimposed when they expire next March. Mr. Brock says the quotas cannot be justified in view of "unbelievable new management bonuses." Pundits here agree on two things connected with this episode: First, the auto industry has an uncanny knack for committing unintentional hara-kiri; second, with this show of indignation, Brock has scored a fantastic political coup for the Reagan forces. Assaulting fatcats is good populism, and populism is sorely needed by an Administration accused of caring only for the rich. Brock's action also indirectly picks up the free-trade issue and gives it a kind of profile salute.

Brock's initiative was launched without the consent of the Treasury Department or the White House. After the fact, Treasury doesn't seem to mind, but chief of staff James Baker and his people are annoyed because Brock's statement flies in the face of the governing White House campaign strategy of no-controversy-before-the-election. Baker wants the Administration to coast into the second term, so if Brock had asked his advice beforehand, Baker would have turned him down. Baker's fear is that the President may be drawn into union/management disputes that are almost certain to erupt this summer when wage negotiations resume for auto workers. Labor will surely demand hefty hikes, given management's prodigious bonuses. Other top people in the Administration, however, want Mr. Reagan to look presidential during the campaign, and to utter presidential things, like saying that he believes in free trade and that he will not interfere with collective bargaining. In the case at hand, there's plenty of room to do both.

That was the first week of May. In the second week, another Reagan maverick strayed off the reservation. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan managed, in one fell swoop, to cause paroxysms ("jaws dropped") and vexation at both the White House and the Pentagon. Responding to a question on *Meet the Press* concerning the federal deficit, Mr. Regan said that the Social Security system would have to be rethought in the late 1980s to see whether all retirees should receive benefits. Nothing should affect eligibility at the lower end of the economic ladder, stressed the Treasury Secretary, but at the upper end a "cutoff" could be envisioned for the well-to-do. Asked whether this amounted to a means test, he said, remarkably, no, and in so doing won the semantic-sleight-of-hand award for the year.

No one denies that the SS system needs revamping, and the Secretary is right to call for it. But not now, before an election, for gawdsake. Also, an eligibility cutoff is not the way to revamp, since it is inherently inequitable (unless you also have a cutoff on contributions). Rather the focus should be on stretching out the age for eligibility and eliminating cost-of-living adjustments. The White House was perturbed because Mr. Regan violated a longstanding edict forbidding Administration officials to mention changes in Social Security until after the election, for obvious reasons.

The Pentagon blew its stack at Mr. Regan, too. In the same TV interview, the Treasury Secretary took note of the fact that the Administration wants a 7.5 per cent annual growth rate in real military spending. Then he added, insouciantly, that "3 to 3.5 per cent real growth is probably in the cards for '86, '87, and '88," which rate happens to be one or two points below what 70 per cent of the *Democrats* in Congress are calling for.

Both utterances reminded observers here of former Treasury Secretary David Kennedy's response to a question put to him at a 1969 congressional hearing, namely, whether he would review everything relating to Treasury matters, to which he replied yes. "The price of gold?" he was pressed. "Yes, the price of gold," he answered—at which the market went bonkers.

The septuagenarian President is showing the press that he's as good at one-upmanship as at arm-wrestling. NBC White House correspondent Chris Wallace accompanied Mr. Reagan on his China trip, and in Peking asked the President what he thought of the Chinese censorship of his material. "It doesn't bother me a bit," said the Gipper. "You people do it all the time." Onward and upward. —CATO

---

al. can turn their opportunistic panic toward the campaign of their own Fritz Mondale. Mondale, it transpires, is benefiting from the activity of 127 committees set up to support Mondale delegate candidates. Unable to contribute directly to his campaign, labor unions, according to some sources, have donated up to $400,000 to these organizations. Mondale has relied on these PACs more and more as he comes ever closer to the legal campaign spending limit. In New York, for example, the Mondale organization could afford to spend only $77,692, while the AFL-CIO kicked in an additional $100,000 to 34 delegate committees. In Pennsylvania, Mondale spent $39,223, while the unions laid out between $80,000 and $100,000 through the PACs. Mondale insists the delegate support groups are independent from his campaign, indeed are (begging Louis Farrakhan's pardon) entirely kosher. But as many as thirty former Mondale staff aides, it turns out, are now on the payrolls of the delegate support groups, and Gary Hart plans to challenge the credentials of delegates elected with the aid of labor-backed organizations. Having declared that he would not accept PAC money, Mondale has egg all over his pretty, righteous face.

□ With all the attacks on the role of the religious Right in politics, it is easy to forget that the religious Left has been politically active for much longer and with more success. And unlike most of the religious Right the religious Left endorses political candidates as well as legislation—with collection plates around the country, many of them reportedly clinking in be-

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half of the Jesse Jackson campaign. Now the *Washington Post* reports that "The Washington Office on Africa, a coalition of nine national church agencies, says it will work actively for the defeat of President Reagan." Member groups of the WOA include the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, along with several Catholic orders. In the strife of the political battlefield, only the left-wing ecclesiastics travel under clerical immunity; their conservative colleagues get shot at like everyone else.

☐ Andrei Sakharov will be 63 on May 21, and his friends in the West haven't forgotten. The day will be marked with a concert at New York's Carnegie Hall by the Soviet Emigré Orchestra. The guest soloist will be pianist Dmitri Shostakovich, who will perform his grandfather's Concerto No. 1 for Piano, Trumpet, and Strings. In addition to 14 concerts in the United States and Western Europe, the Sakharov birthday observance will include three scientific conferences that will focus on Sakharov's work as a physicist. A good question for the conferences to ponder: Why has America's National Academy of Sciences lifted its two-year ban on scientific exchanges with its Soviet counterparts? After four years in Gorky, Sakharov can attest that the Soviet regime hasn't changed since the Academy initiated its ban. To obtain tickets to the Carnegie Hall concert, contact Freedom House (20 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018; 212-730-7744).

☐ Israel says they were tourists out for a picnic lunch. Syria says they were saboteurs armed with sophisticated weaponry and espionage equipment. In any case, the Syrians now hold three Israeli security guards hostage, having captured them as they strayed from Israel's unofficial liaison office in Dbeiyeh, Lebanon. The three Israelis missed a turnoff on an ill-marked road 23 miles north of Beirut and found themselves heading toward a Syrian checkpoint. Knowing a bum detour when they saw one, the Israelis tried a quick U-turn and then fled on foot as suspicious Syrians shot out their tires. They were captured by the Lebanese army some hundred yards down the road and then turned over to the Syrians. Anxious not to heighten tensions, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir issued a stern but not overly bellicose warning concerning the safety of the hostages. The Syrians claim that their captives have confessed to being on a spy mission. Syrian imaginations have not been rich enough, however, to explain why Israeli spies would drive on an open highway directly into a Syrian checkpoint. As of this writing, the situation is at a stalemate. Take it away, Jesse Jackson.

☐ Exporting democracy isn't as easy as it sounds, as the 80 per cent of the eligible voters of Panama who toddled off to the polls on May 6 have found. Three days later (at this writing) both candidates had a) claimed victory and b) charged fraud. Said Democrat Arnulfo Arias, the opposition candidate—a four-time winner of presidential elections and four-time oustee, courtesy of the military—"The peace of the country depends on the attitude of the government. If we do not triumph the people will hit the streets and there will be chaos." Countered Democrat Ardito Barletta, the National Guard candidate: "We must maintain calm and security. It would be unfortunate for any group to run into the streets." Said poll-watcher Julian Chang: "We haven't had an election for 16 years. We're out of practice." Meanwhile, it's anyone's bet who won.

☐ Harry Belafonte is doing a film on hip hop. The Postal Service has issued a stamp commemorating the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, appropriately ugly. The voters in Richland, Michigan, turned out in near record numbers to reject seat belts. Pro golfer Jan Stephenson turned down $50,000 to pose for *Playboy*. The army has spent $20,000 producing a pamphlet explaining how to play King of the Hill. A cheerleader in South Lyon, Michigan, is suing her cheerleading advisor for trimming her bangs. George Gallup announces that religion and sin are increasing. Larry Flynt is trying to give the *Hustler* empire to Madalyn Murray O'Hair. Doctors have identified tight blue jeans as the latest health hazard, after several cases of inflamed cutaneous nerves were reported. Now back to the news.

☐ A Boston reporter, quizzing candidates for a U.S. Senate seat on their political knowledge, found that the Republicans didn't know the level of defense spending or the income needed to qualify for Medicare. The Democrats couldn't name the prime minister of Israel and didn't know which side we were for in Nicaragua.

☐ ERRATUM: Owing to an error in transcription, the editorial last issue on the drug operations of guerrillas in Colombia ("Hot Stuff," May 18) underestimated

Border Politics

Though Gary, Fritz, and Jesse
  Have been at odds for weeks
Without the least suggestion
  Of turning any cheeks,
They all agree on keeping
  Our immigration laws,
A view that garners Mondale
  Votes, *vivas*, and applause.

W. H. VON DREELE

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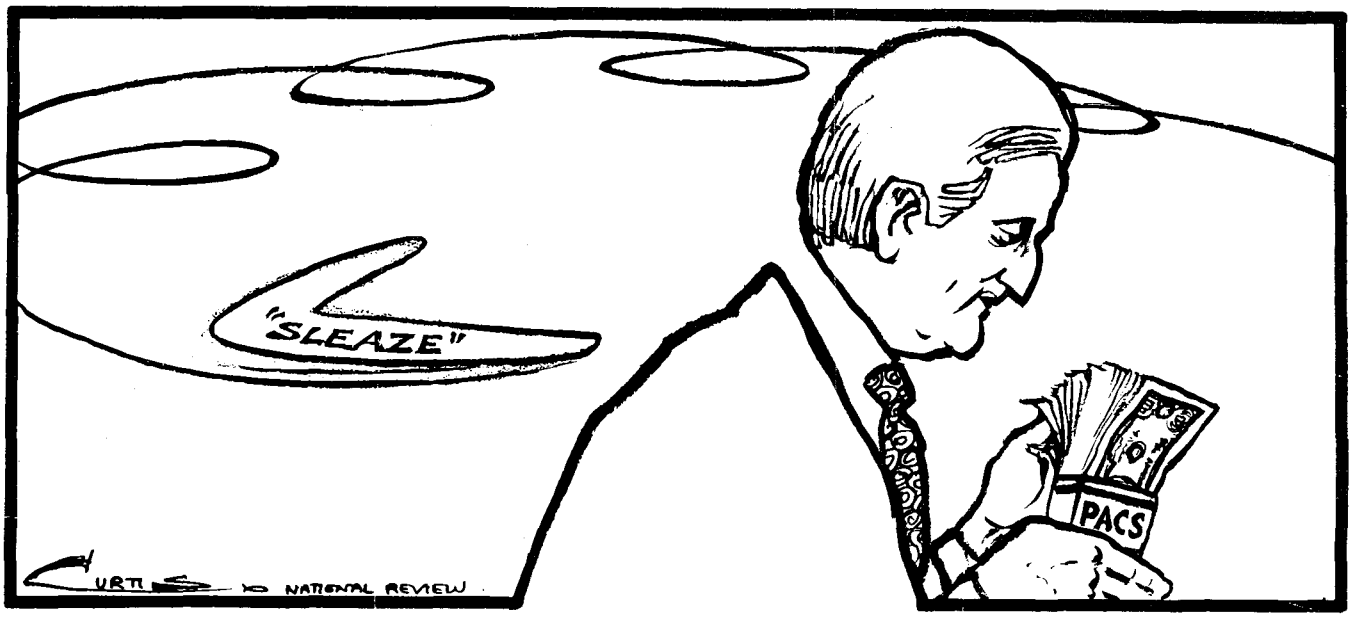

the haul. The editorial said the guerrillas will net $4 million per month; the correct figure: $40 million.

□ The musical *Oliver!* is back on Broadway in revival, and the drama critic of the *New York Times*, Frank Rich, refreshes our memories by describing it as a "bowdlerized retelling of *Oliver Twist*." Wait a minute here. Bowdlerized Dickens? In the age of *Hustler*? Now we *are* confused.

The Soviets Pull Out

THIS MAY, at last, do it. Initiate, that is, a long-overdue cleanup of the Olympics. Against all expectation, including *NR*'s, the Soviets have pulled out of the summer Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Soviet complaints, reiterated during the past several weeks, include: anti-Soviet "hysteria" whipped up by Reagan; chronic violence in Los Angeles; and the prospective "kidnapping" of Soviet athletes—i.e., hospitality to escapees.

All of this is froth, or, as the Marxists would say, the ideological mask for the real intent. One consideration no doubt was the desire for revenge over Carter's boycott of the 1980 Moscow Olympics, but that is minor and, again as the Marxists would say, "subjective." What really counts here is the "objective" historical situation, and the major Soviet political project: defeating Reagan. Gold medals are radically subordinate to that goal.

It is now widely assumed that there will be a major Communist offensive in El Salvador this October, designed to hand Reagan the unpalatable choice of intervention or a Communist takeover. The offensive will be Moscow's and Havana's way of voting in the U.S. election.

The Los Angeles Olympics figured to be a political plus for Reagan. At the very least, if all went well, the Olympic Games would put large numbers of Americans in a temporary good mood, always a plus for incumbents. The Olympics, in a larger sense, would be part of a procession of Reagan plusses, taking their appointed place along with the China trip, the meeting with the Pope in Alaska, the upcoming visits to Ireland and Normandy, the summit conference in Europe, and the Republican Convention in Dallas. The Olympics were the only item in this sequence at all vulnerable to direct Soviet action, and now we have had it. The Soviet message is clear: Without Reagan, all will be well; with Reagan, disaster looms: Vote for peace.

The Soviets may have miscalculated once again, as they did in their heavy-handed European campaign against the Pershing II and their attempts to influence the German and British elections. It is unlikely that American opinion will blame Reagan for the Soviet absence from Los Angeles. Opinion more likely will blame Moscow—to the extent, that is, that there is any noticeable concern one way or the other. At a much deeper level, it is probably incorrect to include the Soviets, or for that matter other Communist nations, in the Olympics at all, at least as they are currently organized.

In the last issue of *NR* there appeared certain sour but justified animadversions on the political and other kinds of corruption that afflict the Olympic Games, and the thought occurs that professional sports are actually cleaner than the Olympic version. The professional tennis season just got under way with a big tournament at Forest Hills and now will move on to Rome, Paris, Wimbledon, and the rest. What matters here is individual performance as mathematically recorded on a computer, plus prize money, and players from everywhere compete as long as they are good

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enough. At Forest Hills, for example, it went virtually without comment when a white South African named Visser played a black Nigerian named Odizor in the stadium on opening day.

Meanwhile, over in the Olympics, the South African Zola Budd, as previously noted, seems likely to be excluded even though she is the fastest female middle-distance runner in the world; an Italian who makes $250,000 per year playing basketball is considered an amateur, but Larry Bird cannot play because he is a professional; and the quadrennial screwing of Taiwan is already well advanced. During the recent Asian Youth Basketball Game in Seoul, for example, players from the People's Republic violated an agreement by suddenly unfurling their flag; Seoul officials refused to enforce the agreement, and the Taiwan team withdrew.

Professional sports, by contrast, remain free from such extraneous nonsense. The Olympics will finally be cleaned up when entry is guaranteed by established performance, and athletes are paid on top of the table. What we have now is glop. Together with an opportunity for the Soviet Union to make a political point.

The Ten Count

WALTER MONDALE stands sweating in his corner; the opposition lies on the canvas; the referee counts, "7 . . . 8 . . ."

Mondale won overwhelmingly in Texas, solidly in North Carolina and Maryland, and lost Ohio and Indiana by whiskers. Gary Hart swept Colorado (yawn), remaining a nuisance to Mondale by delaying a move toward unity behind his candidacy. Jesse Jackson carried Louisiana. The week prior to this clutch of primaries and caucuses was enlivened by the controversy over Mondale delegate PACs (see p. 12) and the possibility that Hart and Jackson might mount challenges to Mondale delegates elected with PAC support. Whether they do or not is a matter of importance to Mondale, who obviously would prefer to be nominated without further turmoil. His nomination, however, is probably secure. Successful delegate challenges—the last of any consequence was Eisenhower's challenge of Taft's delegates in 1952—occur only when the forces are evenly balanced. Winners do not allow their juggernauts to be upset. This fact may dampen the enthusiasm of Mondale's opponents.

I will "stand tall for the average American," Mondale vowed during the League of Women Voters debate in Grapevine, Texas. This is the theme of his campaign and the source of his appeal to his party—a conscious continuation of the rhetoric and ideology of the New Deal and the Great Society. At this point in the evolution of the welfare state, the "average American"—if he ever existed—has become a fiction. What Mondale has in mind is a collection of specific Americans with very particular desires. Thus he campaigns like Father Christmas, taking each group and region in turn on his knee: the Rio Grande Valley (bilingual education, drought relief), industrial Ohio (protection), every place (barrels and barrels of money).

Hart fails to attack this successfully, largely through incoherence. He flails at "old arrangements," but has no program of general economic relief to offer instead (his support of Bradley-Gephardt, the Democratic version of a flat tax, is weak and unfocused). His foreign policy wobbles. He ran to Mondale's left on Central America in the Northeast, then blasted the Carter Administration in a speech at Texas A&M for its weakness during the Iranian hostage crisis, *then* backed off from his own criticism in subsequent appearances. He has done consistently well only in New England (John Anderson's strongest region, by the way), but the Presidency of New England has not been a viable option since the Hartford Convention. Hart's bitterness over Mondale's sleazy tactics and his genuine, if confused, dislike of Mondale's approach to government make it unlikely that he will take the number-two slot, if it is offered.

For the first time in a major forum, Jesse Jackson actually received a slap from his opponents. Sander Vanocur, moderator of the Grapevine debate, raised the question of Jackson's relation to the loose cannon, Louis Farrakhan. Jackson began speaking of Jesus and the woman taken in adultery, whereupon Mondale interjected: "I really thought what Farrakhan said was poison." And yet it was no more than a slap on the wrist. Mondale asserted in a press conference that he had criticized Farrakhan "from the beginning"—meaning, from the time of his threat to Milton Coleman and his praise of Hitler. Yet Farrakhan has been a Jackson supporter since January, and a racist for years and years. Did Mondale really have to wait for him to say something specifically offensive (would he extend a similar grace period to a Klansman)? But Jackson's easy ride will continue, all the way to San Francisco and beyond.

The Dillinger Approach

BILL BROCK, the U.S. special trade representative, has declared that it is time to lift import quotas on Japanese cars, the reason being that Ford and GM executives are collecting big bonuses this year. His conclusion is fine, but his reasoning is a bit odd: Quotas are to be lifted, not because they are robbing the U.S. consumer blind, not because they destroy more jobs than they save, not because people should be free to buy what they want to, but because some top executives have been cleaning up on the deal. It is as if the feds were to round up the Dillinger gang for making an uneven division of the loot.

Now in one sense it is true that the bonuses are un-

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fair: If they are based on performance, they should go to the companies' Washington lobbyists instead of to the home office. Those lobbyists have succeeded in getting the United States to block its own harbors much more effectively than its agents have blocked the ports of Nicaragua. In effect, one out of five Toyota freighters doesn't make it in. We'd be better off if we could switch places with the Sandinistas: They'd take our protectionism, and we'd let them drop acoustic mines in L.A. harbor.

As it is, import quotas have added upwards of $1,000 to the average price of an imported car and $400 to the average price of a U.S. car, according to economist Robert Crandall of the Brookings Institution. With 6.9 million cars sold each year, that amounts to $2.8 billion in added profits for domestic automakers. Chrysler gets more than its share because the quotas shift sales of Japanese cars toward the larger, more expensive end, where they compete more with GM and Ford. Fans of government bailouts like to point out that Chrysler has paid off its government loan. But when is it going to pay off the subsidy it has gotten from consumers?

Of course, the industry claimed it needed protection so it could retool to meet the Japanese threat. But its rate of capital investment actually dropped, from $9 billion a year before quotas to $6.5 billion after (in 1980 dollars). This is consistent with the theory that protection takes the pressure off an industry to compete and adapt.

To judge by the latest brouhaha, you'd think that the missing $2.5 billion went straight into the paychecks of the chief executive officers. But in point of fact the size of the bonuses is not that unusual in business terms. GM is paying 55 executives an average of $532,000 each. By comparison, the CEOs of Fortune 1,000 companies get an average of $473,500. You could split GM into 55 companies, each headed by one of those executives, and all 55 would be in the top half of the Fortune 1,000. And as GM chairman Roger Smith says, "If you've got a company that lost $763 million [in 1980] and turns a $3.7-billion profit, how much would you pay them?"

It has been argued that $1.5 million is more than is needed to keep Mr. Smith in his present job as GM chairman; he'd do the work for less. That's probably true, but not quite the point. The salary serves to recruit not just the GM chairman of today but also the GM chairman of thirty years hence, some whiz kid who has to be persuaded to tackle the ranks at GM instead of going to Silicon Valley or Wall Street.

So the automakers can argue that their high salaries simply reflect market values. But there's only one way to know for sure.

Take off the quotas.

Raking the Coals

Gary Hart, in a frenzy to hold back the dawn,
Is insisting that Fritz was much more than a pawn
When "malaise" was the buzz word and everyone wore
Yellow ribbons to give all the mullahs what-for.
In the White House, meanwhile, one may safely assume
Every time Mr. Hart grabs a rake or a broom,
There's a flurry of scratching on various pads,
Which we'll see in the fall as Republican ads.

W. H. von Dreele

Chinese Encores

NANCY PETTED a panda; or was it Pat? Ronald stood on the Great Wall; or was it Richard? (Or Henry? or Zbig? or Jimmy?) There is a sameness to the Chinese road show, not unlike the sameness of presidential primary campaigns in New Hampshire, except that this New Hampshire has one billion inhabitants and sits on the Soviet border. One goes; one hobnobs with the locals, eats home cooking. And, everywhere, one is photographed.

So it is particularly difficult, but also particularly important, to isolate the differences, the distinguishing features that do indeed distinguish.

1. This visitor did not bring one more piece of Taiwanese autonomy along in his luggage as a gift to his hosts, as all his predecessors have done. The Taiwanese have a friend in Ronald Reagan. To be sure, they also thought they had one in Richard Nixon. But Reagan, unlike Nixon, explicitly reaffirmed our solidarity with Taiwan before departing, by announcing that we could not be the brokers of the dispute; i.e., we would not connive in handing Taipei over to Peking.

2. The Chinese Communists gave Ronald Reagan a 21-gun salute. (The salute for Nixon on his arrival in 1972 consisted of zero guns.) Peking's uneasiness with its northern neighbor is clearly still vivid. The Chinese seem, by their courtesy, to prefer that the leader of the world's principal anti-Soviet nation be Ronald Reagan, not Walter Mondale.

3. That courtesy failed in one conspicuous instance: the censoring of Reagan's remarks. To be sure, the censored passages discussed God and democracy—not favorite topics with Communist leaders. It could be argued, by the diplomatically attuned, that Reagan was courting censorship in raising such topics. On the other hand, he may also have sought to avoid that Nixonian aura of promiscuous good fellowship which was arguably more damaging than any of the strategic accommodations Nixon made. If America loses its morale, by forgetting or soft-pedaling the sources of its greatness, the Chinese relationship is of no use

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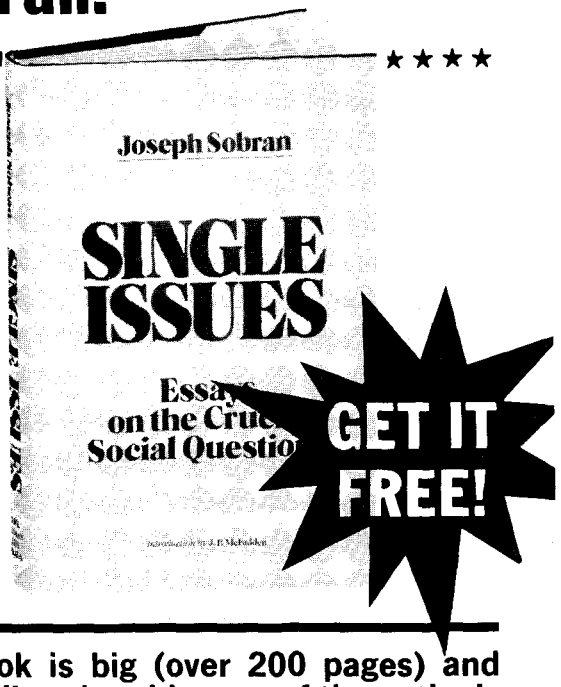

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—Malcolm Muggeridge

"Sobran writes with verve and imagination, and never fails to shed new light on anything he touches."

—Michael Novak

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to us. America will also be of no use to China—a point the Chinese may have appreciated, even as they worked the controls.

Now Duarte

THERE IS some reason for satisfaction with the outcome of the Salvadoran elections, but not much. The apparent winner, José Napoleón Duarte, was the leftmost candidate within the framework of democracy, and when he last led the country his success was not conspicuous. He nationalized most of the Salvadoran economy and left it in disarray, and he made little headway against the guerrillas in the hinterland. He lacks the support of large sectors of the population and is distrusted by the armed forces. His talk about "reconciliation" with the guerrillas may be purely for public consumption, but a serious chance exists that he actually believes in it as a policy.

His principal opponent, the "ultra-right-wing"—as he is called—Roberto d'Aubuisson, at least believes that you defeat a Communist insurgency by killing guerrillas and their supporters. Despite multiple public warnings from Washington that aid would be cut off if d'Aubuisson won, and despite the reported use of covertly supplied U.S. funds to help Duarte to the presidency, d'Aubuisson ran a very close second.

Upon learning that Duarte had won narrowly, Tip O'Neill said that he opposed further aid to El Salvador; but that gentleman has long since placed himself beyond the realm of reasonable comment. The people of El Salvador, once again, turned out in huge numbers to express their belief in the democratic process and their hope for a non-Communist future, and that is a plus in human terms.

Well, we now have Duarte, whose spine, if he has one, may be stiffened by the large d'Aubuisson vote. It is to be hoped that Washington is satisfied with Duarte, since, after all, it bought him.

Read It Here

MORE BULLETINS from our correspondent in Central America.

► The 16-month-old Contadora negotiations, designed to reduce arms and strengthen human rights in Central America, broke down May 2 in Panama City, the victim of cynicism and hubris on the part of the Sandinistas. Responding to Costa Rica's proposal that armies of Central American nations not exceed 0.5 per cent of their respective populations, Nicaragua insisted on a 10 per cent ceiling, which would allow for a 300,000-man Nicaraguan force. That's three times the size of the Sandinistas' present army, which already equals the forces of the rest of the Central American countries combined. The only bright spot in the proceedings was the unanimity of the other Central American participants in opposing Nicaragua's position. The negotiations will dribble on, but the prospect of an agreement, which had been the last best hope of Ronald Reagan's congressional critics, is dead.

► Despite a boycott by the Sandinistas, a Good Friday religious procession in Nicaragua attracted a crowd of at least 100,000. The crowd erupted with shouts of "*Somos Cristianos, no somos Marxistas*" ("We are Christians, not Marxists"), as well as political slogans such as "Free Nicaragua." The American media blackout was almost complete. Only ABC News reporter Peter Collins covered the procession and mentioned its decidedly anti-government character. The march came after the junta had tried unsuccessfully to end the centuries-old tradition of a Holy Week holiday. A widespread popular backlash forced the government to relent, and it finally consented to a three-day holiday.

► Buses in Central America are jammed with Nicaraguans escaping from the Sandinista utopia. Thus far, more than half a million Nicaraguans have fled their country, of whom nearly 300,000 have gone to crowded Costa Rica.

► Particularly hard hit are the Indian peoples of Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. Some 43,000 of the 165,000 Miskito, Sumo, and Rama people are now either in Sandinista-controlled camps or in Honduras or Costa Rica as refugees. Another five thousand are waging guerrilla warfare, and still another ten thousand want arms. According to journalists who have traveled with the guerrillas, more than half the Indian villages have been destroyed by Sandinista forces. Massive mobile battalions with heavy air power sweep through the Indian territory indiscriminately destroying everything in their path. Forced starvation, disease, and government looting have driven the Indians into exile.

They Gave Already

I've noticed that the ones who bleat
For human rights remain discreet
When asked to arm a native clan
In Soviet Afghanistan.

W. H. VON DREELE

Improper Conduct

FIDEL CASTRO has had a free ride from many Western intellectuals over the years. Herbert Matthews was the first to acclaim him a genuine twentieth-century revolutionary hero, and Castro has maintained that reputation for more than a quarter-century, a puny island David shaking his fist at the Goliath of the North. But there's a speck on Castro's horizon called

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Improper Conduct (*Mauvaise Conduite*), which may prove to be Castro's *Gulag Archipelago*.

It's a two-hour documentary put together by two Cuban exiles, Nestor Almendros (whose credits include *Kramer* v. *Kramer*, *Sophie's Choice*, *The Last Métro*, *General Idi Amin Dada*) and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, whose earlier films were made in Spanish (as was *Improper Conduct*, for the most part). The cast assembled for this extraordinary documentary includes a number of former stars of Castro's world: Carlos Franqui, ex-editor of the official Party newspaper *Revolución*; Dr. Martha Frayde, ex-Cuban ambassador to UNESCO; Guillermo Cabrera Infante, writer and former Cuban chargé in Brussels; Heberto Padilla, writer, poet; Armando Valladares, poet; Fidel Castro himself; and many others less well known. What all of them, bar one, have in common is exile; what many of them have in common is long years in Cuban jails where they were beaten, starved, tortured, degraded. And they have in common too a wrenching sorrow and longing for their country.

The film cuts back and forth from scenes of Castro's triumphal arrival in Havana, with martial music and stadium crowds rhythmically chanting "Fidel, Fidel"—scenes reminiscent of the monster Hitler rallies of the Thirties shown on movie newsreels—to the stories of the people who didn't fit into Castro's mold. Pathetic homosexuals swept off the streets and into labor camps for hair that was too long, or clothes too bright, or gestures too airy. This is the "improper conduct" of the title. Anything deemed "improper" by anyone in authority could lead to arrest.

The stories go on. A young girl is picked up for reasons she is never told, and released as mysteriously. A tour guide describes the Potemkin tours he conducted for tourists for more than ten years. We hear from a farmer, a transvestite, a doctor.

Perhaps the most horrifying tale is told by Armando Valladares (released at the personal request of François Mitterrand after 22 years in jail), about a small boy, Robert, in the adjacent solitary-confinement cell. Robert is 12. He was arrested for a minor infraction, sent to jail until his maturity, lodged with common criminals who gang-raped him so badly he had to be hospitalized. When he recovers, "homosexual" is stamped on his record. He lands in solitary where his nightly cries for "Mama!" as the sun goes down and blackness invades the cell so enrage the guards that they beat and bayonet him.

Cut to Castro, an unctuous Castro in starched fatigues, giving a TV interview: "The Revolution cannot be accused of having killed one citizen or having tortured one prisoner. Tell me any other examples of this in history."

One caveat: For reasons not explained, perhaps because they are inexplicable, the writers and producers of this moving documentary put inordinate emphasis on the persecution of homosexuals. This persecution is singular under Castro, and probably did as much as any other of Castro's sadistic crotchets to alienate the progressive Left. But still . . . A two-hour film about Castro's Cuba that spends not one minute on the persecution of religion might profitably have borrowed one of the sixty-odd minutes it devoted to the homosexual question to round out the case against Castro.

Even so, *Improper Conduct* is a devastating piece of work, which gained wide critical acclaim in France when it was released there in February. It will open next month in New York, Washington, San Francisco, Miami, and San Juan.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Growing up as a liberal, it never occurred to me to read a book by Whittaker Chambers, and I have reached March 1984 without reading *Witness*. I suppose it was the award of the Medal of Freedom that made me realize I really must read it, and so I took advantage of a free moment in New York City to try to buy it.

I thought you might be interested in the results of my peregrinations. First, I went to Scribner's; then I went to Doubleday; then I went to B. Dalton; then I went to Barnes & Noble. None of these had the book (although I was amused to see that four out of four had a variety of works by Lillian Hellman well displayed).

Let me hasten to add that I am not writing to ask you for a copy of the book, which I imagine I will obtain through the Conservative Book Club. Rather, it seemed to me my little project demonstrates how significant was the President's move, and how resistant the "literary" set remains to facing the facts about American political history.

Sincerely,
Elliott Abrams
Assistant Secretary for Human
Rights and Humanitarian Affairs
Department of State
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Abrams: Thank you for your kind letter. If you haven't got hold of the book by the time you receive this letter, call me and I'll read it to you. Yours cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Regarding Carly Mary Cady's letter ("Notes & Asides," Jan. 27), what is a "kakistocracy"?

As you use the word yourself in your reply to her, it would seem that you are familiar with the term. My home dictionary is small and I lack your erudi-

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tion. I would appreciate learning both the meaning and the derivation of the word.

From the context, one might suppose that it is used as a synonym for "military-industrial complex" among the liberals and anti-nuclear folk. But if this were so, should it not have been spelt "k*h*akistocracy," from the baseword, "khakis," the once-popular fabric and shade of soldiers' uniforms? If this is the intent of Mrs. Cady, she is a bit outdated in her choice of allusions. Hardly any fashionable militarists wear khakis any more. Camouflage fatigues are all the rage now, "BDUs" among the initiated.

Whatever the term now given our protectors, bless them. But if the government does start to issue personal MXs, I have no place to store mine. Would you care to have another?

Warmest regards,
Richard R. E. Kania
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Mr. Kania: Not quite. Start with "**cac-** *or* **caco-** *comb form* (NL, fr Gk *kak-*, *kako-*, fr. *kakos* bad—more at CACK) 1. bad (*cac*onym): incorrect (*cac*oepy): unpleasant (*caco*phonous) 2. diseased (*caco*chylia)." Then try: "**cack** (. . . akin to Gk *kakkan* to void excrement, MIr *cacc* dung, and perh. to Gk *kakos* bad) 1. *dial:* to discharge excrement 2. *dial:* vomit . . ." Had enough? I have. . . . On the matter of another MX, my redistributionist genes would take over and I'd forward it to Arthur Schlesinger. Cordially,

—WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I do enjoy reading NATIONAL REVIEW. It is very well written and edited, in addition to propounding eminently sensible opinions on the issues.

Yet, I would like to offer a suggestion. It concerns the ongoing controversy/mystery of the blue-ink-cover-easily-rubbing-off-on-the-reader's-fingers. As *NR* is in the habit of offering premiums for renewal, which thus far, in keeping with the intellectual character of the magazine, are of the intellectual variety, perhaps it is time to get physical. Why not offer a pair of surgical gloves as a premium for those who love the magazine but detest blue fingers? Of course, I'd emblazon NATIONAL REVIEW prominently on the back of each glove.

Sincerely,
Stephen Andrew
Brockway, Pa.

Dear Mr. Andrew: Sticks and stones may break our bones, but *sarcasm* we rise above. ↑ —WFB

☐ Dear Sir:

I have withheld my pen these several months in the expectation that many others would write to denounce a statement in *NR* which described C-ration fudge bars as "four-star by anyone's standards" ["Christmas in Grenada," by Geoffrey Wagner, Dec. 23, 1983].

Since no one else has done so, I must set the record straight: Those fudge bars taste like petroleum sludge. They affect the digestive system as the Democrats do the welfare system (clarification of this simile would be inappropriate).

First, you fail to distinguish soldiers from Marines. Next, you support measures to reduce military retirement benefits. Last, and most unkindest, you call a piece of sludge "four-star" fudge. Were I an Ivy Leaguer, I might bemoan your insensitivity with a Latin tag—as a West Pointer, though, let me admonish: "Shape up!"

William K. Wray
Captain, U.S. Army
APO N.Y.

☐ Dear Bill:

You are too complicated for me these days. When I get through reading you I don't know if you are for or against!

Sincerely submitted,
Dottie Nichols
Dewitt, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Nichols: We are against. Sorry about the ambiguity. Cordially, —WFB

Fisher, *Punch* / Rothco

"I backed the wrong microchip."

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CAMPAIGN DOG DAYS

THE REAGAN CAMPAIGN is in its dog days, curled up sullenly in the off-season, waiting for the three-month run of August, September, and October to begin. Little campaigning is visible, unless you count the classic gambit of sending the candidate to China in order to reach Peoria. Nevertheless, the structures are in place, even though, from an organizational point of view, they look more like the Big Dipper than a management chart. There are no fewer than eight power centers in the 1984 Reagan campaign effort: first, the White House, with James Baker (chief of staff) and Mike Deaver (Baker's deputy); second, the Reagan/Bush Committee, headed by Ed Rollins and Lee Atwater; third, the Republican National Committee, whose executive director is the personable Frank Fahrenkopf; fourth, Air Force One, to be managed by Stu Spencer, an old Reagan hand, and the able Ken Khachigian; fifth, Lyn Nofziger's operation, consisting largely of the Reagan Old Guard, along with some public-affairs types; sixth, the Dallas Convention team, headed by super-lobbyist Bill Timmons; seventh, pollsters Richard Wirthlin and Bob Teeter; and eighth, the powerful free-floaters Paul Laxalt and Drew Lewis (now president of Warner Amex, formerly Transportation Secretary).

Those working inside the Reagan campaign tend to view it quite differently from certain sharp-eyed politicos on the outside. "What we are seeing," notes one of these latter worthies, "is a remarkable example of the way in which power decays. You've got every faction near Reagan with a piece of the pie, and no one in control." The Rollins operation, according to this view, is incapable of making a decision. The multi-layered bureaucratic process there consists of a series of discrete decision nodes, forming a perfect circle. Anybody at any point and in any department can object, raise new questions, temporize, or veto. A national presidential campaign committee is a giant magnet that draws everybody who wants to have input. Somebody has to be in a position to say yes or no. "But if Rollins says no to me," remarks one outside observer, "I can call on Fahrenkopf. If he won't give me my way, I can call on Laxalt. If Laxalt denies the request, I march on Baker. On convention matters I can call Timmons or Stu Spencer—who advises everybody. And if all else fails, I phone Nofziger and say, 'Lyn, how do you think I can make an end-run on this one?' "

Operationally, the RNC is worse yet, says this school of criticism. It is made up largely of well-meaning hacks who demonstrate little interest in having anyone at hand who might threaten them by being effective. The laid-back but keen Senator Laxalt, chairman of the re-election effort, interrelates with the RNC (and all other campaign operations) and serves as the point of last appeal for political people around the country.

Baker and Deaver take the brunt of the campaign criticism. "The way these two are running things," notes a highly placed and well-informed Hill observer, "is to remove threats from their own power structure. Take Drew Lewis: a skilled, savvy political infighter, a tough manager, and ideal chief of staff. Do you think that Baker and Deaver want Lewis to join the campaign and let Ronald Reagan see how good he is?"

SO MUCH for the view from the outside. Campaign insiders see the situation altogether differently. To them, the Reagan campaign is paradise. "We've raised all our money. We have the finest organization conceivable. Our registration effort is going well. We have a top media team. The surrogate program is getting off the ground beautifully. The candidate is totally fit, physically and psychologically. And our political fortunes right now couldn't be better." Paul Laxalt puts it this way: "I've been in three presidential campaigns, and organizationally this is clearly the best. It's lean, it's efficient."

All the insiders stand behind Baker's role as the campaign's final arbiter. Scheduling the President is a White House function, and from that derives control of the candidate, policy formulation, and advertising. No campaign official credits the view that the power structure can be eluded through devious multiple appeals, as described above. That's because Baker gives the ultimate yea or nay and decisions are moved to him. Rollins has the day-to-day items, managing (with Fahrenkopf) the registration drive, surrogate program, state organizations, and ethnic groups.

Baker's centrality to the operation raises grave issues like, Can he cut it? Few Reaganites were worried about Baker's capacity to judge, say, how Mr. Reagan should be presented on the trip to China, or what to do when he visited with the Pope, or how many days the GOP convention should be exposed on TV. Baker is acknowledged to be a smooth operative when making technical calls like these. "Jim's problem," notes one ranking insider, "is that he's not really strong politically. Remember what Mark White did to him in Texas. But Spencer does have the political smarts, plus the stroke to keep Baker on the political track."

Anyway, who cares? The whole complicated effort may be irrelevant. Ultimately, the Gipper will call his own shots, and carry his own water, as he did in 1980 and 1982 with precious few surrogates, and even fewer strategists—chiefly his airplane pros. More importantly, the Democrats may make the Reagan campaign structures moot. By failing to mount a serious candidate, they may give Mr. Reagan a free ride. For which we can all say, Thank you, Fritz. □

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PITFALLS OF 'RECOGNITION'

RIGHT NOW, London is a good place to be if the day's good resolution is to write a column on the perils, hypocrisies, and absurdities of diplomatic recognition. The subject is of universal interest, and some choice examples of what I mean have been happening in places not far from where I sit, such as the Palace of Westminster and St. James's Square.

To take the latter first, we have been having some pretty good television stuff with the weird happenings at the Libyan "People's Bureau" at 5 St. James's Square, not far from such civilized and unexciting institutions as Chatham House (the Royal equivalent of the Council on Foreign Relations) and the incomparable London Library. To recall the events: When some anti-Qaddafi demonstrators paraded outside the People's Bureau, a man armed with a submachine gun appeared at a window and started spraying the crowd, killing a young policewoman and wounding ten demonstrators.

Realism v. *Moralism*

Now this is not the way diplomatic missions are supposed to behave, and the Libyan People's Bureau (which used to be called an embassy just like everybody else's) does fulfill some diplomatic functions, apart from gun- and bomb-running and serving as a protected headquarters for Qaddafi's hit teams. In retrospect, nice respectable diplomatic centers such as the Foreign and Commonwealth Office or the Department of State may sometimes reflect that there isn't much point in extending diplomatic recognition to regimes which by their own revolutionary criteria have no interest in respecting diplomatic niceties. American diplomats who were in Teheran when the Ayatollah's regime took over will know exactly what I mean.

Traditionally, the British and the American views of the criteria for recognition have differed. The British have regarded it as a case for realistic assessment "to secure an advantage" (as Churchill once put it); whereas in the United States (with the puritanical traditions of the *Mayflower* to live up to) recognition has traditionally carried the seal of moral approval.

Of course "realists" sometimes fall flat on their faces, which is what happened to the British when they rushed to recognize the government of Mao Tse-tung's Chinese People's Republic in the expectation of saving British assets in Shanghai and elsewhere, and Mao grabbed the assets anyway. The "puritanical" Americans, on the whole, did better by sticking to their principles and continuing to recognize Chiang Kai-shek's exiled government on Taiwan. By the mere fact of having a humble consul on the island, anyway, Britain had to content itself with a chargé d'affaires in Peking instead of an ambassador.

Nor do I think that the United States lost anything much by declining to recognize the regime of the Bolsheviks for some years.

But to get back to the British, two other current cases call for comment. One of the stock arguments of British left-wing enemies of America, duly deployed in opposition to the mining of Nicaraguan waters (reportedly by the CIA) and indeed U.S. policy in the area as a whole, is that Britain recognizes the Sandinista government in Managua and therefore cannot possibly condone U.S. efforts to oust it. (True, Britain does recognize the Sandinistas, but did not see the need, until the other day, actually to have an ambassador in Managua.)

The other case has its ironical side. In the course of his largely successful war against the "Marxist" government in Angola, the UNITA resistance leader, Jonas Savimbi, seized 16 British civilians and held them as hostages in an attempt to force the British government to "recognize" his movement, at least de facto, by negotiating for their release. This situation presented the Foreign Office with a truly agonizing dilemma. You see, Britain recognizes the Communist (dropping the euphemism of "Marxist") government of Angola, and it simply wasn't done to have talks with a "rebel" group. Thus the discomfort and apprehension of the 16 Britons were unnecessarily prolonged, until the government in London had second thoughts.

Power and Expediency

The most absurd case of all is one I cannot resist coming back to from time to time: that of Kampuchea (Cambodia). The United Nations, along with most Western governments, continues to recognize the genocidal regime of Pol Pot because it was deposed by a Vietnamese invading force with Soviet support, and we are not supposed to condone invasions.

The Soviets, of course, recognize a government strictly on the criteria of power and expediency. A classic example is that of Afghanistan. If you don't like a regime, you have it overthrown, then recognize the usurping regime; if the new regime still doesn't come up to expectations, then you have that one overthrown as well; then arrange an assassination, and all is well at last. The processes I have just described apply, of course, to Afghanistan, where Taraki was succeeded by Amin, who made way, owing to his unfortunate demise, for Babrak Karmal. But in strategic terms, the important bit was the coup of April 1973, yielding a government Moscow could happily recognize, which, in turn, could "invite" the Soviet forces in to help when it faced little local difficulties.

Now supposing, just supposing, the *Contras* formed a Provisional Government of Nicaragua, and the U.S. recognized it . . . □

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CLAUDIA ROSETT

Looking Back On CHILE *1973-1984*

JUST THREE YEARS AGO, Chile was widely regarded as a model of free-market success. Dramatic moves toward a free-market system in the middle and late 1970s had produced a level of growth that was hailed as an economic miracle. Then, in 1981, Chile went into what looked like free-market failure. In 1982, GNP dropped by almost 15 per cent, unemployment more than doubled (to about 25 per cent), and the banking system disgorged some sordid secrets and collapsed into the protective arms of government.

Since the economic program had been billed as a free-market "experiment," it now seems logical to conclude that the results are in, and they are that the free market did not work in Chile. This is a conclusion that leaves many who believe in the free market feeling betrayed and confused, trying to distance themselves from the disaster in a spirit of "What was a nice philosophy like ours doing in a place like that?" And a lot of Chileans are not thrilled with the experience either. If this is free-market economics, they'd rather do without it.

But the easy conclusions are misleading. As the dust settles, it appears that a number of specific policy errors—not necessarily allied with free markets—caused the crash. These errors were compounded by government fumbles that prolonged the crisis. What remains of the so-called free-market program is actually the country's best hope for recovery.

To understand what went wrong, it is first necessary to go back to the presidency of Salvador Allende. The economic program of Allende's successor, military ruler Augusto Pinochet, was not an experiment, nor did it produce a miracle. It was an attempt to restore health to an economy that, in 1973, had been left completely debilitated by Allende's three-year drive toward revolution. And while a miracle would have been outside the understanding of social scientists, Chile's rapid recovery was consistent with what can be expected when property rights and free trade allow people to profit from their labor and their ideas.

There were two main reasons why the economic program seemed, to many, to be experimental. First, it was a radical departure not only from Allende's policies, but also from a tradition dating back to the 1930s of massive state intervention in almost all spheres of Chilean business. Second, it was a comprehensive program, aimed at revamping Chile's entire economic framework rather than patching the economy piecemeal. Allende's legacy to the generals who took power in the 1973 coup d'état (and still rule Chile today) was a country that had been through a demolition process meant to set the stage for a socialist state. By 1973, fixed prices on more than three thousand goods had brought on food shortages and a booming black market in everything from chickens to cement. Import tariffs averaging 105 per cent on 5,125 different items had sealed off most foreign trade. Hundreds of private companies had been taken over by the state, some by violence, others through the exercise of an obscure forty-year-old law, still others by legal purchase—and most were operating at substantial losses. The government was financing a 55 per cent fiscal deficit by printing money, thereby generating inflation that exceeded a 1,000 per cent annual rate during Allende's final months in office.

The policies Pinochet adopted were hardly radical, except by contrast with those of Allende. The pillars of the economic program were: freeing prices and interest rates, setting low uniform tariffs, and privatizing hundreds of state-owned companies. These policies did not go into effect immediately, nor did they ever go all the way to some sort of exemplary free-market economy, however much their architects might have desired one.

These architects were a group of Chilean economists, educated at the University of Chicago, who became known as the "Chicago Boys." They are often described as disciples of Milton Friedman, but Friedman did not know any of them well, and had little direct impact on what the Chicago Boys did in Chile. Their real mentor was Arnold Harberger, a University of Chicago professor who has visited Chile frequently since 1955, when he went there in the course of an Agency for International Development project to help arrange scholarships for Chileans to study at Chicago.

The first generation of Chicago Boys began promoting free-market economics in the 1960s as a way out of the economic stagnation that plagued the Chilean economy. In late 1972, when it seemed likely that Allende's policies would push the economy to the breaking point, the Chicago Boys began putting together a plan for economic recov-

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ery. By the time of the coup, in September 1973, they had assembled a 189-page draft of diagnosis and proposals, which they gave to the generals. As a result, a number of them were hired to advise ministries that dealt with economic matters; but for the first year and a half of Pinochet's rule they had little influence. The economy was in a state of wretched disorder, and "the generals were still wearing helmets," as one of the Chicago Boys later recalled. The economy limped along through 1974, helped by the price of copper, Chile's chief export.

But in 1975, world recession triggered a depression in Chile, with a 14 per cent drop in GNP. Pinochet decided that a drastic overhaul of economic policies was in order. He turned to the Chicago Boys, and appointed several of them to powerful positions in government. Sergio de Castro, the leader of the *equipo económico*, or economic team, became minister of the economy, and a little over a year later minister of finance, a post he held until 1982. Other Chicago Boys took charge of the central bank and the budget office, and eventually of the labor ministry and the planning ministry as well.

The Chicago Boys acted fast in 1975; the country was in desperate straits, and Pinochet gave them strong support. They cut the budget by at least 15 per cent across the board, reformed the income-tax system and introduced a 20 per cent value-added tax, freed thousands of prices, and worked out a schedule to lower tariffs over the next few years. By 1976 the economy had turned around, and from 1977 to mid-1981, GNP grew at a rapid 8 per cent a year.

Although the Chicago Boys had considerable say in economic policy, they were far from able to do whatever they chose. Many of the generals opposed their laissez-faire reforms, and Pinochet had to temper his acceptance of free-market ideas with his need for the support of the armed forces. Each step toward a free-market policy involved a struggle in the cabinet. To many of the generals, trained in the military ways of centralized command, a free market sounded anarchic, fraught with perils, and dangerously dependent on what they saw as the unpredictable private sector.

The Chicago Boys fought their programs through, using each success as an argument for the next one, haggling behind the scenes with generals reluctant to give up control over the economy. This opposition within the government meant that tariffs did not reach their lowest level—an almost uniform 10 per cent—until 1978, and prices of some basic goods were not freed until about the same time. The "model" free-market program was actually riddled with compromises. In early 1981, when the program had gone as far as it would ever go, government spending still accounted for about 25 per cent of GNP. Some of the largest companies in Chile, including Codelco, the state-owned copper mining company, were never returned to the private sector.

Still, substantial changes were made. Wages and prices were eventually decontrolled (with one important exception, which will be discussed later on), tariffs came down, and more than 450 state-owned companies were returned to the private sector, many of them auctioned off to the highest bidder. Thanks to the new free-trade environment, non-traditional export industries such as fruit farming and light manufacturing flourished, lessening the high-risk dependency on copper to earn foreign exchange. In fact, copper as a share of total exports dwindled from 83 per cent in 1973 to 46 per cent in 1980.

On the strength of their success with this basic program, the Chicago Boys were able to push through some major reforms aimed at cleaning up specific problem areas in the economy. In 1979, a new labor law allowed workers to unionize for the first time since the coup, but restricted them to company-wide unions and banned industry-wide strikes, in order to limit the effects of collective bargaining to the individuals directly involved in the negotiations. An effective school voucher plan was introduced, offering students a choice of using state money to enroll in public or private schools. And 1981 saw the start of a changeover from the rickety, pay-as-you-go social-security system (which discriminated against the poor) to a fully funded, privately managed pension system.

By mid-1981, the Chilean government had run a fiscal surplus for two and one-half years, trade was booming, inflation was relatively low, unemployment was falling, and real wages were rising. Reporters and economists were traveling to Santiago to see the "miracle." In April 1981, the Chicago Boys hosted an international conference in the seaside resort city of Viña del Mar to discuss and—it seemed—to celebrate the ending of hard times.

It was a golden moment that lasted barely long enough for them to make the two-hour drive back to Santiago. The following week saw a major bankruptcy that turned out to be the opening gun in a race to disaster. A large sugar conglomerate, CRAV, had speculated on sugar futures and lost, and when it went under, it left private Chilean banks with hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of losses on loans that had been granted solely on the strength of the reputation of CRAV's president, Jorge Ross. With growing trepidation, the Chilean government, Chilean banks, and foreign creditors began to look closely at many other loans that had been blithely dispensed just a short time before. They discovered a financial tangle that occupied the graphics artists of *El Mercurio*, Chile's major newspaper, for months.

Making sense out of the grim twist on the Chilean economic scene of late 1981 involves peering into a somewhat murky past. Arnold Harberger suggests that Chile's banking problems actually date back to the Allende era, when a large number of businesses were in government hands, generating losses. When, under the new regime, these businesses were auctioned back to the private sector, they were in shaky condition and were paid for largely with borrowed money; many of them were hard-hit by the 1975 depression. Some of their borrowings should probably have been written off by the banks in the 1970s, but they were not. As the economy began to turn around, and foreign capital began to flow into Chile, some of the fresh funds were probably used not to finance new investment loans, but to roll over old, rotten loans, so that the banks did not have to acknowledge their losses.

There were many reasons why it was possible to throw good money after bad. To begin with, Chileans lacked experience with free interest rates in a competitive economy. Even before Allende, interest rates had been fixed, and credit had been doled out with little regard for the

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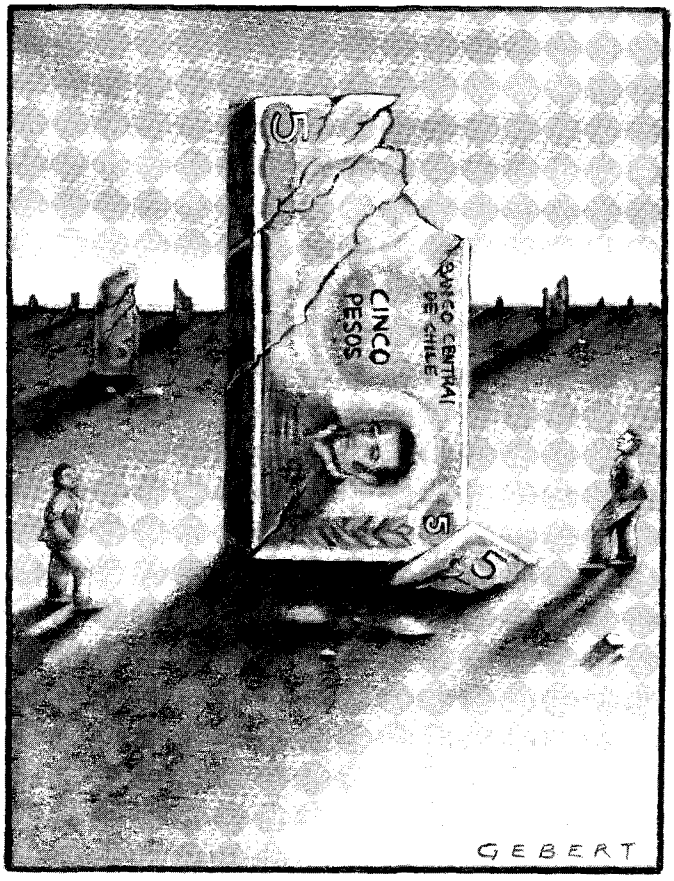
strict economic merits of a project. When Pinochet's government decontrolled interest rates and sold the nationalized banks back to the private sector, the Chicago Boys were willing to trust market forces to produce responsible behavior on the part of the banks. They offered no government guarantees of private banks' liabilities (beyond insurance on deposits, helpful only up to a point, and only for small depositors) and left the foreign creditors, Chilean bankers, and domestic borrowers to work out their own affairs.

As the economy recovered and began to grow rapidly, it became easier and easier for Chilean banks and businesses to borrow money. The move toward free-market policies and the strong growth rate were tremendous lures to foreign bankers, who were in any event looking to lend to the Third World. In the early years, the Chicago Boys were nervous about letting capital flow into the country too quickly, and they restricted the amounts Chilean enterprises could borrow from abroad. But gradually they relaxed the restrictions, and by 1981 a colossal flood of foreign capital, equal to about 14 per cent of gross domestic product (GDP), poured into the country.

With all that capital coming in, and minimal supervision, many banks could not resist a variety of risky practices. Some business conglomerates that owned both banks and corporations lent money to their own companies, sometimes covering up bad debts in the process. Banks lent to companies that then purchased new bank stock, creating the appearance of growing reserves, which allowed the banks to lend more money than was merited by the real capital base. As long as the economy kept growing, and the foreign money kept pouring in, and no one inquired too closely into where the money went, the problems were buried like so many unexploded bombs in the bank vaults.



But why didn't foreign lenders watch where their money was going? Because they could reasonably believe that it wasn't worth the trouble. Although the Chilean government had not guaranteed private debts, the foreign lenders simply assumed their loans were implicitly guaranteed by Chile's growing hoard of dollar reserves, which reached a high of about $4 billion in 1981.

In that assumed guarantee lay the crux of the Chilean banking problem. The Chicago Boys, who had taken plenty of graduate courses in international trade, were new to the world of banking. (Although experience doesn't seem to have helped policymakers in some other troubled countries.) The problem with refusing to guarantee private bank loans is that a small country like Chile can ill afford a major bank default. The credit-worthiness of the whole country is likely to suffer, and even sound investments will have a harder time attracting capital. Like it or not, the government has a stake in the survival of private banks.

The CRAV bankruptcy in mid-1981 did not directly cause any bank defaults. But one of the bombs in the system was now armed, and foreign creditors as well as the Chilean government began some somber cogitations upon the future of the Chilean banking system. In August 1981, the government came out with a strict law requiring conglomerates to phase out loans to their own companies and prohibiting many practices that had been used by banks to touch up ugly spots on their books.

The law came too late. In fact, its timing put a double whammy on the banks. World recession had started, interest rates were rising, and foreign lenders were cutting back on credit anyway. The focus on questionable banking behavior didn't help. The flow of capital into Chile fell sharply, from 14.2 per cent of GDP in 1981 to 5.1 per cent in 1982. Companies that had been financing long-term projects by rolling over ninety-day loans suddenly had their funds cut off and could not repay the debts that quickly began to come due.

It was the twilight of the miracle era. In November 1981, the Mont Pelerin Society, a private club of free-market thinkers, held a regional meeting in Chile, which, because of its economic program, seemed an intriguing setting for such a group. But the Mont Pelerin members looked a little askance at recent doings in that country. Two weeks before their meeting, the Chilean government had intervened to prop up four banks and four loan companies that looked as if they were about to go under. Trucks backed up to the loading docks of the central bank, picked up sacks of peso notes, and took them to the troubled institutions to prevent a bank panic. The lines for withdrawals were longer than usual the morning after the interventions were announced, but not by much. Chilean depositors, as well as foreign creditors, figured the government would take care of the problem.

While the government may have had no choice but to intervene, it probably intervened too generously. Both major creditors and small depositors were bailed out in full, including a guarantee of the full amount of interest due them. Since the riskiest banks tended to offer the highest interest, as compensation for the greater risk, the full bailout gave the market the message that it was worth directing resources to the shakiest institutions. The govern-

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ment would take the risks; the depositors would reap the rewards.

As the banking crisis escalated, worldwide recession slammed into the Chilean economy. The price of copper dropped sharply, and so did tax revenues from failing companies, and for the first time since 1978 the government faced a fiscal deficit. In March 1982, Finance Minister de Castro went on television to announce a tax hike to cover the projected deficit. Chileans by that time were clamoring for an explanation of what was going wrong. But there wasn't much of an explanation forthcoming. The Chicago Boys had to operate in the secret labyrinths of Pinochet's military government, and even in the best of times their dialogue with the public had been tightly circumscribed by Pinochet's none-too-gentle ruling hand. In September 1981, irritated by questions about the economy, General Pinochet had made a few revealing remarks. "Many speak of the economic team as if the president of the Republic were an isolated entity and they work on one side while I work on the other," he said, and added, "No, *señores*, they're wrong. Not a piece of paper moves in this country if I'm not moving it." This was not exactly a statement consistent with a free-market philosophy, nor was it a remark likely to encourage open debate over solutions to the growing crisis.

Meanwhile, another time bomb was ticking away. In 1979, Chile had pegged its peso to the dollar, at the strong urging of de Castro. The aim was to control inflation, since any excessive rise in the money supply would send Chileans running to the central bank to trade in their pesos for dollars, and the resulting outflow of dollar reserves would presumably force some discipline on the government. De Castro supported the policy against the arguments of other top-level Chicago Boys, who did not want the government to make a promise it might not be able to honor if the country ran into hard times.

The fixed exchange rate was no problem in 1979, when it was imposed. If anything, it may even have served as a signal of confidence that helped attract foreign investors, since de Castro's credibility was very high, and the fixed rate was his policy. But by 1981, the dollar was rising against most major currencies, and the peso was dragged up with it. This meant that Chilean exports became more expensive in the world market, and Chilean export firms began losing money and laying off employees. The unemployment rate, already rising, began to skyrocket.

In a consistently free-market economy, unemployment would have come down again as workers settled for lower real wages. Production costs would then have come down too, and Chilean industries would have emerged leaner and more competitive in the world market. But yet another bomb was about to explode. A clause in the 1979 labor law prohibited companies from reducing real wages. Like the fixed exchange rate, this clause had looked harmless when the economy was growing at a rate of 8 per cent a year, and there was no need for real wages to fall. But in 1982, something had to give. Either the peso had to be devalued, or real wages had to fall. The result of the strain was that companies kept going bankrupt, and unemployment kept rising.

In April 1982, Pinochet fired de Castro, a move that signaled the beginning of the end of the Chicago Boys era and made investors very nervous about what was coming next. De Castro had been the backbone of the free-market program; without him, anything could happen. Still, the government did not devalue. But de Castro's dismissal sent nervous peso-holders running to turn their currency into dollars; and devaluations, like bank panics, have a way of happening once enough people expect them to. The more people try to get rid of a currency, the weaker it becomes, and the more unavoidable a devaluation becomes.

By the beginning of June, the government was hotly debating the merits of devaluing the peso versus asking Chilean workers to take a wage cut of about 15 per cent. The problem with wage cuts is that they have a nasty history of antagonizing wage-earners. A devaluation may accomplish the same thing, but less explicitly.

When Chile's devaluation finally came, in June 1982, it was too little, too late. A few of the Chicago Boys met at a British bar in Santiago after the government announced the devaluation of 18 per cent against the dollar. It was an evening at the end of the Falklands War, and the Chicago Boys made a somber group against the general revelry and flag waving. They felt they had lost, and they also knew the problems were just beginning. Among other things, they worried that the 18 per cent devaluation was insufficient, and that people would continue to unload pesos in anticipation of further devaluations. Sure enough, by the end of August the peso had sunk to about half its initial value against the dollar.

The devaluations came as body-blows to the already crumbling businesses and banks. Much of their foreign debt was denominated in dollars; they now had to earn twice as much in pesos in order to pay it off. Companies went bankrupt in record numbers, and formerly good credit risks turned sour. The flagship of free-market economics in Latin America was sinking, and instead of holding fast to the Chicago Boys as he had done in the 1975 crisis, Pinochet began throwing them overboard. By early 1983, he had fired two more finance ministers, both of them Chicago Boys. One of them, Rolf Luders, who had spent most of the Pinochet era working for what was Chile's second-largest business conglomerate, the Banco Hipotecario de Chile (BHC), is now in jail, along with his former private-sector boss, Javier Vial. The BHC went bankrupt in 1982.

The merry-go-round in the cabinet added to the general uncertainty. Potential investors did not know whether Chile would emerge chastened but still free-market oriented, or whether an entirely different set of policies would prevail; so the investors simply stayed away. Chile struggled on, with another round of bank bailouts in early 1983, and the Chilean government took on responsibility for billions in bad debts.

The Chilean people had offered little resistance to Pinochet's government during prosperous times, and they had accepted the miseries of 1975 because the Allende experience was still a cautionary memory. But by 1983 they had lost patience with a ten-year-old dictatorship that had brought them 25 per cent unemployment and an economic nightmare that revealed new horrors every month. In midyear, riots broke out in the streets, and hundreds of thousands of people banged on empty pots in a display of anger that harked back to the protests against Allende. They demanded that Pinochet resign.

(Continues on page 53)

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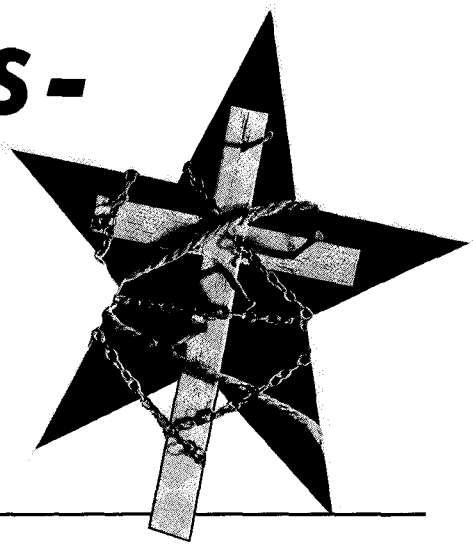
POLAND'S CROSS- AND AMERICA'S



L. BRENT BOZELL

POLISH STUDENTS all go to public schools, because the Communist government of their country does not permit religious schools. There is only one school system, the state system, which since 1961 has been entirely secular. Teachers in that system have been instructed by Poland's ministry of education to "transform the minds of the youth according to Marxist-Leninist teachings, to liberate the youth from superstition, and to prepare the youth for practical participation in the life of the Party." Yet, incredibly (or not so incredibly, as we shall see), the Communist government continued to tolerate the display in Polish classrooms of crucifixes depicting the death of Jesus Christ.

In December of last year, in the small town of Mietno, about forty miles southeast of Warsaw, the Communist authorities decided the crucifixes hanging in the local agricultural school would have to go. There was some church-state tussling for a while, but in early March of this year the teenaged students at the school decided the crucifixes would have to stay.

Some American students may not have heard of a crucifix, and may never have been exposed to religious superstition, but at the very moment their Polish brethren were rising for religion *against* the state, American youths (and Americans of every age) were being exposed to a ballyhooed attempt *by* state officials to introduce a trace of religion into the nation's secular school system. President Reagan's school-prayer amendment was eventually voted down by the Senate on March 20 (more handily than had been expected), but not before the public media and the public conversation had given thorough ventilation to the question of God's place in American public schools. When the vote was cast, vocal prayers to God in school had been illegal for 21 years; after the vote, it was difficult to find an earthly reason for supposing prayers would be said again for 2,100 years.

The Polish students' first move was to stage a sit-in strike in the corridors of the school. Four hundred of the school's six hundred students took part in the strike. This was reported out of Warsaw on March 7, the day after police sealed off the Mietno area to reporters wishing to cover the youths' defiance. The next day, the school's principal—who had given the original order to haul down the crucifixes—retaliated against the students by threatening to deny graduation to seniors who had joined the protest unless their parents signed a statement "recognizing the secularism of state schools." The statement "infuriated" the parents, the *Washington Post* reported, and they all (all but one, according to a later report) refused to sign. With the parents thus mobilized behind their children, a major confrontation between Polish Christians and the Communist state seemed in the offing. Polish Catholic spokesmen were already calling it "the war of the crosses."

The day the American Senate voted down the school-prayer amendment, Senator Lowell Weicker, leader of the anti-amendment forces, was shown on NBC television chortling, "This is the year of the Constitution, not the year of the Bible." I have never regarded Senator Weicker's endowments very highly, but I had not noticed before how closely his limitations embrace an ignorance of the Constitution. The First Amendment to that document begins, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ." The purpose of the first clause of this provision was, as any reader of the language can tell you, to forbid the establishment of any national church or religion. Many American Colonists had experienced such state churches in Europe, and they had different opinions about them—as witness that five of the new American states were connected with established churches at the time they ratified the First Amendment. The best statement of the matter was entered by the eminent Justice Joseph Story in his *Commentaries*: "The whole power over the subject of religion is left [by the First Amendment] exclusively to the state governments to be acted upon according to their own sense of justice and the state constitutions." It is true that the modern Supreme Court and Senator Weicker pretend to believe that the Fourteenth Amendment made the First Amendment's establishment clause applicable to the states. But the short answer to that reverie is that seven years after the Fourteenth Amendment was ratified, a vigorous, but futile, attempt was made to add the so-called Blaine Amendment to the Constitution—which would have prohibited establishment of religion by the states!

The unmaking of Christian America appears to have been completed in 1963. That was the year of the *Schempp* and *Murray* school-prayer cases. To be sure, there wasn't then much Christianity left to unmake in the American

Mr. Bozell, former editor and publisher of Triumph *magazine, is the author of* The Warren Revolution.

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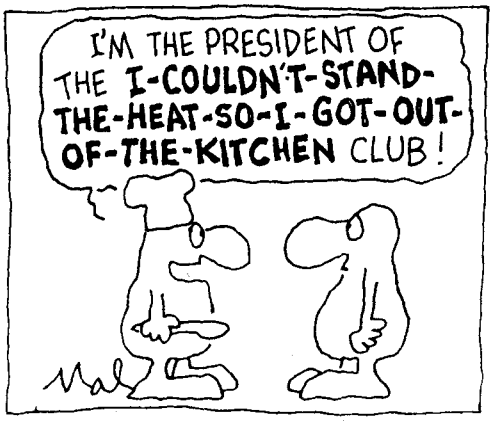
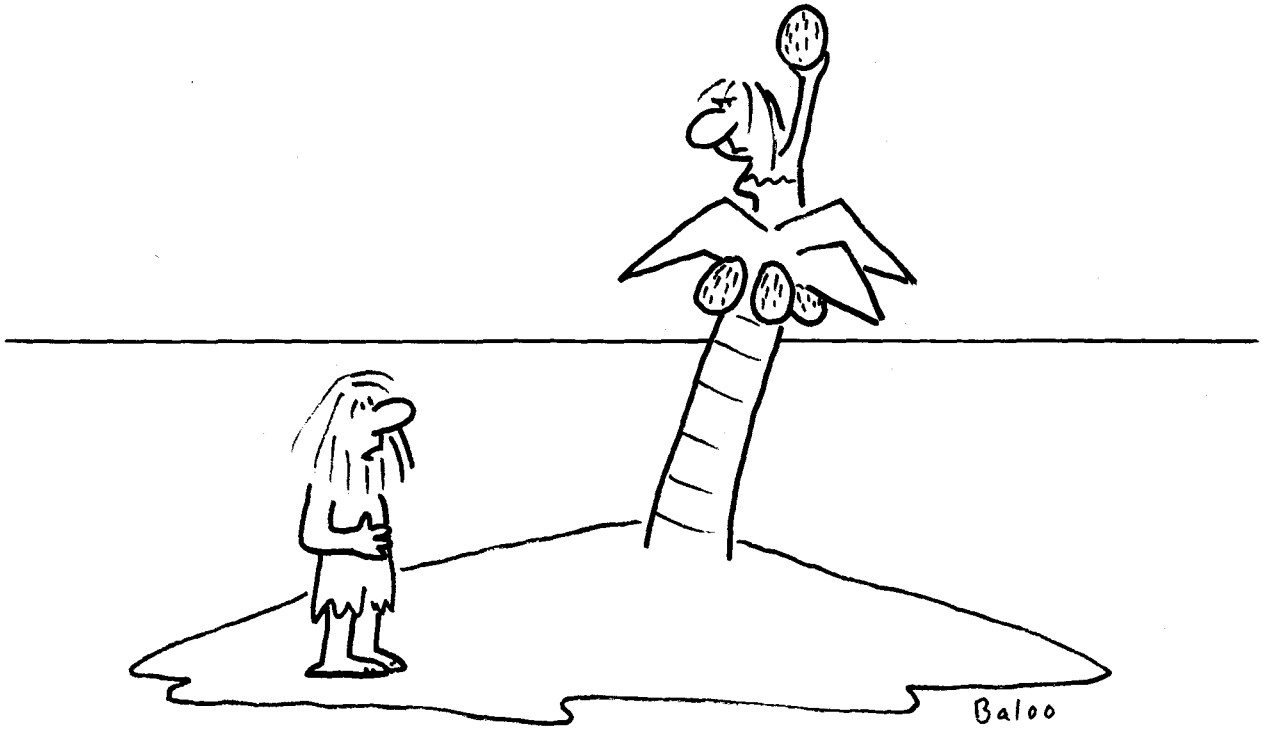
help!!!!

Our Nicaragua Moralists

As if, days later, Judas joins
A firm promoting silver coins,
Or Bluebeard, from a bedroom, starts
A column called "Miss Lonelyhearts,"
The Metzenbaums and Kennedys,
No strangers to the world of sleaze,
Are wagging fingers at the way
The White House runs the CIA.

W. H. von Dreele





"I don't know what came over me, Miss Swenson."

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public order. By mid-twentieth century, most of Christianity's intrusions into the secular order had been quieted—even politicians' speeches had come to drop the God-perorations. It remained only to rid the public schools, where most Americans acquire their decisive molding, of religion's influence.

The Court and the Lord's Prayer

The Supreme Court had first stepped in with the *McCollum* case in 1948, which banned any religious instruction on school premises. School prayer, the last vestige of God's presence in public things, was next. It was a feeble vestige, let us agree. A comparison of the effect on students of the type of prayer they usually said on such occasions with the effect of the rest of the day's relentless indoctrination in secularism can explain why the prayer-time was seldom devout. Still, was God pleased? In 1962, the Supreme Court went most of the way toward defeating that possibility. The *Engel* case brought before it a prayer some New York students were asked to say—"Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessings upon us, our parents, our teachers, and our country." The Court ruled those sentiments unconstitutional because the New York Board of Regents had composed them. A year later the Court ruled that the identity of a prayer's composer did not matter after all. Or did it? This time the Justices had before them two cases, one brought by a Pennsylvania Unitarian, the other by a Maryland atheist; and in both the offensive prayer, which the Court outlawed, was the Lord's Prayer.

In Poland, the question of the establishment of religion is really ahistorical. It was Christianity that established the Polish state, a little more than a thousand years ago, through the conversions of, and by, the Piast family. Four hundred years later the Piast dynasty expired, and the Polish nobles set about looking for a new Christian king. During the interregnum, in 1382, a man journeyed from his castle in the Ukraine to central Poland with a wooden painting—an icon—of the Virgin Mary. This man, Prince Ladislaus Opolszyk by name, a Silesian by blood, had connections with the House of Anjou in Hungary. The town in Poland to which Ladislaus chose to bring the icon is called Czestochowa.

The origin of the icon—known as the Black Madonna—is in dispute. One account has it that the icon was painted by St. Luke the Evangelist on a table made by St. Joseph for the Holy Family in Nazareth, that it was brought from Jerusalem to Constantinople, that it was given there, about 988, to a Princess Anna who was the wife of a Vladimir of Kiev, whence it came to Prince Ladislaus's castle at Belz in the Ukraine. The other account gives the icon ninth-century Greek or Italian origins. Whichever version is true, it is certain that Ladislaus, in 1382, built a chapel around this painting in Czestochowa, and founded then and there a monastery for Pauline monks. It is also certain that four years later, in 1386, the pagan Grand Duke Jagiello of Lithuania—having just won the Polish throne by embracing Christianity, marrying the Christian Queen Jadwiga, and promising to support the Christianization of the Lithuanians—ordered the building of a shrine church for the icon in Czestochowa.

Getting back to the United States, there was only one sure way, from the 1960s on, of restoring freedom of religion to American classrooms. I speak of freedom now because the "free exercise" clause—not the "establishment" clause—was the provision of the First Amendment that was really involved in the school-prayer cases. No one in his right mind, possibly including Senator Weicker, believes that children saying a prayer before class amounts to the establishment of a state religion, but there is a real question whether religion should be exercised freely in public places—such as educational places. On *this* issue, the Supreme Court in 1963 drove Christianity, a very public religion, off the field. To fight back successfully, Christians would have to rise above these hopeless arguments about the meaning of the First Amendment and move militantly against a dishonest Court that had become the chief front for militant secularism in America. Jurisdictionally, they would have to remove that Court from the field.

The Framers of the Constitution had arranged, as part of their "checks and balances" scheme, for just such a response to judicial outrages. Article III, Section 2 provides that "the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to Law and Fact, with such Exceptions, and under such Regulations as the Congress shall make." This provision was intended to make clear that the Supreme Court, in its appellate jurisdiction, is subordinate to Congress: It has no right to hear appeals at all unless Congress gives it that right; and what Congress has given, Congress may take away.

In 1979, Senator Jesse Helms, a Baptist, twice drove through the Senate, by 47 to 37 and 51 to 40 votes, a bill providing that "the Supreme Court shall not have jurisdiction to review . . . any case . . . which relates to voluntary prayers in public schools"—only to have the effort wrecked in the House by the maneuvers of Speaker Tip O'Neill and Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino (both Catholics). In 1982, with the White House now occupied by a man who had championed school prayer throughout his presidential campaigns, Helms tried again. President Reagan's Attorney General, however, advised against taking on the Court directly, and Reagan himself kept mum. So this promise of a confrontation with the secularist Court died in the Reagan Senate.

The Thirty Years War ended in the West in 1648, but this essentially religious conflict smote Poland again in 1655. The Poles were being battered in the east by the Russians and the Turks when Charles X of Sweden launched an unprovoked invasion from the north and swept irresistibly through the Polish heartland. King John Casimir fled to Silesia. Remnants of the Polish army dug in behind the fortifications at Czestochowa, and the prior of the Pauline monastery there, Augustyn Kordecki, took command of both the fighting and the praying. The Swedes were smashed, the king returned from exile, and a new national army was mobilized and recovered almost all the lost provinces from the Swedes. King John Casimir proclaimed Mary—represented by the Black Madonna—Queen of Poland. Pope Alexander VII bestowed the title of *rex orthodoxus* on John Casimir and his successors. Catholicism was officially recognized as the state religion of Poland, and Czestochowa became its spiritual capital.

Poland was to see much sorrow during the next three centuries—the three partitions, the Nazi-Soviet occupation, the present Communist state—but her praying and fighting

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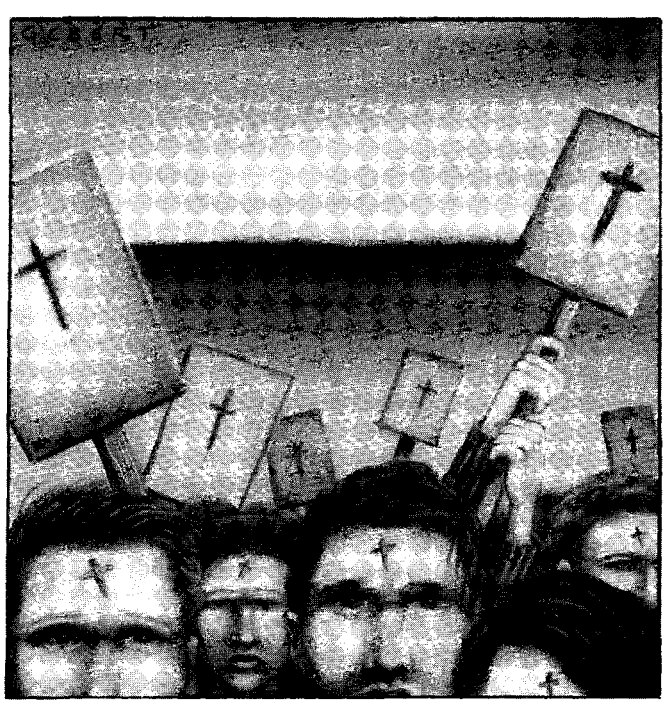
have gone on much as in the seventeenth century and before. Many Poles see their country as bearing a great historical cross for purposes God has not yet revealed, but the burden of which is often lightened by pilgrimages and prayers to the Black Madonna.

In January 1984 Senator Helms renewed the effort to restore school prayer by withdrawing the Court's jurisdiction; yet by then it was a foregone conclusion that the Senate would consider instead the constitutional-amendment approach. The White House itself had composed the language of the proposed amendment and sent it to Senator Strom Thurmond, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, for action. It read, "Nothing in this Constitution shall be construed to prohibit individual or group prayer in public schools or other public institutions. No person shall be required by the United States or by any State to participate in prayer." This formulation quickly, and correctly, came to be called, by the media, "the Reagan amendment," and the President himself embarked on a series of speeches, largely before religious audiences, commending both Godliness and this amendment.

The President's household, however, soon came to the conclusion that the amendment, as written, did not stand a chance in the Senate. Some concession, it was said, would have to be made to the hallowed "wall of separation." This was accomplished by adding to the original language the sentence, "Neither the United States nor any State shall compose the words of any prayer to be said in public schools," and sending it over to the Senate, which voted 96 to 0 to incorporate it into the amendment. That meant, among other things, that teachers—being legal agents of the state—would not be permitted to compose (edit?) (choose?) the prayers, leaving guidance of classroom worship to the children. This insipid and chaos-promising version of "the Reagan amendment" is what the Senate voted down on March 20, leaving Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority to define the sense in which America is a Christian country.

In Communist Poland, the striking students set out with their crucifixes for Czestochowa on March 9. Traveling overnight by foot, car, bus, and rail, the students converged on Czestochowa at 3 A.M. on Saturday under the watch of harassing militiamen. They were joined later in the day by pilgrims from at least two dozen other schools around Poland, whereupon the protestors were invited to a Mass said for them by the Bishop of Czestochowa at Jasna Gora, the monastery where the Black Madonna reigns.



"It disturbs us very much," Bishop Musiel said, "that the war of the crosses in Poland, the removal of the crosses from the schools, is taking place in the year of the Holy Jubilee of the 1,950th anniversary of the suffering and death of Christ on the cross." Musiel knew, of course, and his young audience knew, that the theme of this Holy Year declared by the Polish Pope, John Paul II, is the Redemption—and that the crucified Christs in Polish schoolrooms are the infallible signs of the Redemption.

Jaruzelski, Glemp, and the Crucifix

On Sunday, Catholic and Communist national leaders had planned to meet to discuss the issue. But nothing happened. On Tuesday, a spokesman in Warsaw finally broke the government's week of silence by declaring that its anti-crucifix policy was unchangeable and would be enforced. On Wednesday the Polish Primate, Cardinal Josef Glemp, who had just returned from South America, threw his authority behind the students—pleasantly surprising critics who had thought him unnecessarily soft toward the government in dealing with clerical supporters of Solidarity. The same day Poland's senior bishops issued a statement reminding the government that anti-Christian provocations in the past had always led to "social unrest." Two days later, General Wojciech Jaruzelski himself obliquely intervened and indicated that the Communists had gotten the point. In a speech given at the Party's conference in Warsaw, the Premier dwelt at length on the need for good church-state relations, and the ultimate need for the state to prevail—without mentioning, however, the war of the crosses. Local Communist authorities appeared to have taken the hint: They lay low in the two weeks that followed—except in Mietno, where they reneged on a promise to restore the crucifixes.

On March 27, Bishop Jan Mazur of Siedlce, where the Mietno school is located, went on a hunger strike in retaliation. On April 6, he endorsed an agreement with the principal under which one crucifix would be allowed to be hung in the school (in the library), the students would be permitted to wear crucifixes in class, and the demands for loyalty oaths from parents and students were withdrawn.

During World War II, the Western powers supported the legitimate Polish government-in-exile in London, arranging for considerable Polish blood to be shed against Hitler. But in 1945, America and England surrendered at Yalta to Stalin's wish to Communize Poland.

In 1945, the Catholic Church and the Communist government of Poland began a mortal struggle. In the beginning, the Church held its own; religious instruction in state schools (the Church had never needed separate schools in a country that was 90 per cent Catholic) remained mandatory. But soon the government grew strong enough to

(Continues on page 53)

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MONETARISTS v. SUPPLY-SIDERS

LAST SEPTEMBER, the Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman predicted in the *Wall Street Journal* that as a result of "excessive monetary growth" in the past year, there would soon be "an overheated economy," which in turn would almost certainly mean "a subsequent acceleration of inflation, probably in middle or late 1984."

So a crucial test of economic theory may be shaping up as one of the little-noticed events of 1984. The theory, which has had and continues to have important political repercussions, is called monetarism, and its leading proponent is Milton Friedman. Early last month, in a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece, he was more specific. "We shall be fortunate indeed if prices are not rising in the 7 to 10 per cent range by the fourth quarter of the year and in double digits by 1985," he wrote.

Here is a brief statement of monetarist theory, extracted from Friedman's *New York Times* article: "Inflation over any substantial period is predominantly a monetary phenomenon. Prices rise in response to a more rapid increase in the quantity of money than in the output of goods and services. The response is not immediate. Indeed, for at least the past century, it has taken about two years in the United States and Britain for a monetary explosion to be reflected in higher inflation . . .

"The rate of monetary growth over the past two years explains why the declaration of victory in the war against inflation is premature. . . . monetary growth jumped to 9.5 per cent [per year]—higher than in any other two-year period since at least the end of World War II. Higher inflation is sure to follow."

But some economists of the supply-side, rational-expectationist, and "New Chicago" schools are not so sure that Friedman will be vindicated. The supply-siders in particular believe that the clear-cut relationship between the money stock and the price level delineated by Friedman and Anna Schwartz in their classic study, *A Monetary History of the United States, 1867-1960*, no longer applies. For most of this 93-year period, the dollar was defined in terms of gold, and this definition preserved a measure of order and predictability in the monetary system. In 1971, however, the dollar was completely severed from gold—that is, from real economic activity—and by 1973 all the world's currencies were defined simply in terms of themselves.

All external discipline was thus removed from the monetary authorities, who were free to increase the number of units of their currencies, and almost everywhere did so—operating on the unstated theory that since money is an expression of wealth, additional wealth can be created by additional money. Dramatic, worldwide inflation followed, as Friedman would have predicted (and in fact did predict). Insofar as the alternative to monetarism was the socialist notion that the proper antidote to inflation is wage and price controls, then a monetarist victory was important, and we should be grateful that Friedman won that battle. In 1979, a monetarist policy—the targeting of monetary aggregates—was officially adopted by the Federal Reserve Board.

By 1980, however, something new was beginning to emerge in the marketplace. There was by then a suggestion, at least, that newly sophisticated worldwide markets, which had not existed even a decade earlier, were beginning to assert a market-originated control over inflation in the major industrial countries. Interest rates rose way above the inflation rate, thereby exerting downward pressure on the expansion of credit. The Fed lost power as a result. In the 1970s the Fed had been able to fool lenders by adding to bank reserves artificially (i.e., by creating new money). In the 1980s it was no longer practical to do this. Interest rates would play catch-up *swiftly*, thereby sharply reducing economic activity. (In the 1970s there were long periods when interest rates were negative in real terms; that is, lower than the inflation rate.)

There was another important change. By 1980 gold had forced its way back into the monetary system, de facto if not de jure, as an alternative to undefined pieces of paper. A worldwide gold market and gold price was established. The latter, transmitted daily and even hourly on news broadcasts, functioned as a beacon signaling inflationary expectations. Again, this put handcuffs on the Fed. Paul Volcker could not dilute dollars, even if he was so inclined, now that there was a readily available alternative that governments were powerless to manufacture.

AS A RESULT of these changes (and there were others, notably the deregulation of financial institutions, permitting them to pay interest on checking accounts), people became more confident about holding dollars: They knew that it had become much harder for the government to devalue them by multiplying them. Thus people began to *hold* more dollars in their checking accounts. And so the "money supply" (which really should be called "money demand," because it mainly consists of such checking accounts added together) began to rise.

Excessively so, said Milton Friedman.

In a harmless, non-inflationary way, said the supply-siders. In the same way, the Swiss money supply rose rapidly in the late 1970s. But this was merely an expression of the rapidly rising demand for Swiss francs, not a precursor of inflation.

In monetary matters, supply-siders think on the demand side. They also believe, practically as an axiom, that

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the relationship between the supply of and the demand for dollars is expressed by the gold price. If the Federal Reserve supplies more reserves to the banking system than the people demand, then the gold price will rise. Expected inflation is thereby signaled.

But as of late April, the price of gold was actually lower than it had been a year earlier. Thus the markets were not anticipating inflation, even though the money "supply" has indeed risen. "What needs to be emphasized is that there is no secret information in the monetary aggregates," said Alan Reynolds, a vice president of Polyconomics, Inc., and a supply-sider. "They are published every week. Each time Friedman makes a prediction based on these aggregates, he is saying that he knows something the markets don't know. And that's why the old Chicago school and the new Chicago school are at loggerheads." (New Chicagoans include such economists as Robert Barro and Robert Lucas.)

"When Friedman predicted inflation last September," Reynolds continued, "why weren't people investing on that publicly available knowledge? Why weren't they switching from dollar-denominated assets into gold? There is an unexploited profit opportunity, if Friedman is right, and that's what the rational-expectations crowd says cannot happen. In Friedman's view everything is 'baked in the cake'—an old monetarist expression. The outcome is predetermined by what happened to the monetary aggregates two years ago. That shows a lack of respect for markets."

In other words, Reynolds is saying: If inflation is going to be 10 per cent in the fourth quarter, the gold price at that point will certainly be double its present level. And if that is predictable on the basis of public data, why isn't the price moving now? "There are futures markets where you can play that gamble," Reynolds added.

Friedman and others have pointed out that price indices have been moving up of late. Reynolds said that commodity prices decline in a recession, rise in a recovery; and some indices (the Dow Commodity Index, for example) show no change over a year ago. George Gilder believes that we have had actual deflation in the past year, and that a year from now a dollar will be worth the same as it is now—perhaps more.

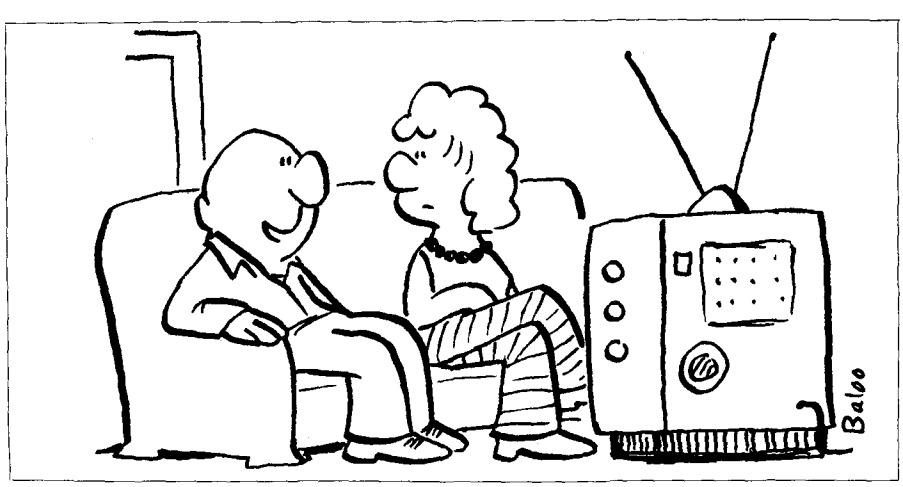
"The Consumer Price Index is almost necessarily going to show inflation because it always measures the past configuration of goods that people are abandoning," Gilder said. Incidentally, since the publication of *Wealth and Poverty*, Gilder has continued his independent investigation of the U.S. economy, and his new book, to be called either *Entrepreneur* or *The Spirit of Enterprise*, will be published in September by Simon and Schuster. "We do have inflation in the automobile industry, with robber barons like Lee Iacocca raising prices under the protectionist umbrella," Gilder said. "But I think we have had deflation in the past year, taking into account the new values that have been generated in the economy as a whole. And that deflation was registered by the gold price and not by anything else. Well, now the numbers indicate that the deflation has been corrected, which will appear in the conventional statistics as a revival of inflation."

Gilder added that he doesn't think economic theories ever really face a crucial test because the statistics are too slippery. "The producer prices are rising," he said, "although I don't think they've made up for their earlier drop. Nevertheless, the monetarists are going to say that it's inflation resulting from M1. I can see a blip of 8 per cent 'inflation,' and that would do it for the monetarists, wouldn't it? They would feel vindicated."

Gilder said that "the supply-siders were apparently wrong about the savings rate, which was a crucial thing we predicted." (It was supposed to go up; maybe it did and maybe it didn't.) "It doesn't shake me—very much. It's too bad. I'd rather be right, but I haven't changed my mind. All these statistics that economists use are so murky that they're worthless." Nevertheless, a sharp and sustained increase in the gold price in the next few weeks would tend to prove the supply-siders wrong on inflation. (True, they could attribute it to something else—say, an international crisis.) "Sure Milton Friedman's out on a limb," Gilder concluded. "But I think he'll be able to get off it. He's gotten off previous ones—ask Alan Reynolds."

According to public figures like Jack Kemp and Lewis Lehrman, the danger of monetarism is that it provides the Federal Reserve with an unwarranted rationale for crunching down on real economic growth on the grounds that the economy is "overheating," to use Friedman's September metaphor. And the evidence for such "overheating" is simply a rise in the monetary aggregates that is nothing more than an expression of renewed popular confidence in the dollar. Normally the liberals, the news media, and the Democrats set up a great howl if the Fed holds the money tight. This year the liberals are all commending Volcker's statesmanship. No doubt they sense that another recession is their only remaining hope of beating Reagan in November.

So today we encounter those topsy-turvy comments and headlines: The good news is that economic growth is slowing. (Interpretation of the markets: If they slow down enough, then maybe Volcker will relent and be more accommodating with the money.) I asked Representative Jack Kemp what he thought of this upside-down world, in which bad news is called good news. "It really is 1984," he said. □



"I always get such a warm, secure feeling when Congress adjourns."

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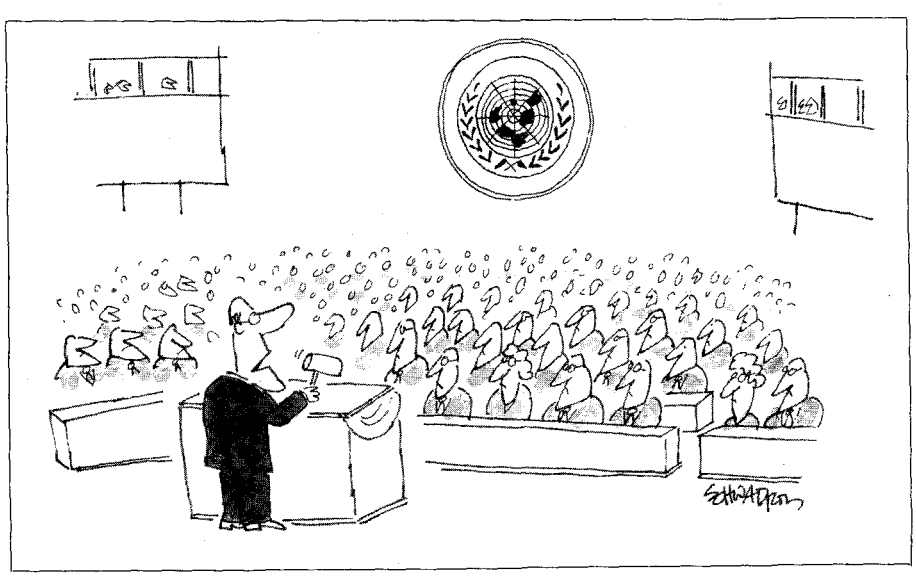
THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY TURNS TWENTY

KEYNOTE SPEAKER John Silber, the president of Boston University, set a cheerful tone for the Philadelphia Society's twentieth-anniversary meeting. "A man who would go to Philadelphia," he announced, *à la* W. C. Fields, "is a man who would on principle strike a child." Thus the mystery deepens why a group that calls itself the Philadelphia Society convenes every spring in Chicago.

Twenty years! I wonder how many of the 250-odd members and guests attending this year were at that first meeting, organized by Don Lipsett in the thick of Barry Goldwater's year—I'll guess thirty, or perhaps a few more. But the Philly Soc prospers in its impecunious fashion; the membership is now 321; and Don is still at the helm.

The first meeting was not, as you might suppose, devoted to setting up shop (Don had already seen to that); rather, it sprang full blown into heated debate: For it was our business to knit together, as best we could, and steered only by good will, the seemingly irreconcilable strands of conservative thought, from libertarian to traditionalist. Indeed, in the early meetings (invariably aided by the failure of the hotel air conditioning), the debates were often acrimonious and, I think, hugely enjoyed. The wonderful thing about having a regular forum was that a question, answered unsatisfactorily in one year, would be instantly re-posed in the next. But good will ever prevailed, and the wrangling turned into fast friendships, now gladly renewed at each meeting. Whether any of the ideological disputes were ever properly resolved, I cannot say. But the reconciliation sought is long since a fact, in the personal bonds and memories shared.

Nowadays the national meetings are a bit more formal, the matters to be discussed are broader, and the debates are more subdued. The society has more than tripled in size and umptupled in prestige. Perhaps it is geography. Over the years, in quest of better air conditioning, we have inched northward along the Miracle Mile, at last arriving at the Drake, most sumptuous and northernmost of the hotels. Here the pampered membership has decided to make its stand, and it can probably hold out for years. Better facilities or no, however, the society is little changed at the core, remaining precisely a *society* of the like-minded, who convene to cross-pollinate each others' efforts to restore the moral foundations of liberty. (Or, in the vernacular, to compare notes on riding the latest death wagon.) That these efforts bear fruit is evident in improving conservative fortunes, from Goldwater to Reagan. A number of members have boldly entered the enemy city of Washington to serve in or near the Administration and have resisted all temptations to "go native."



"The world will come to order!"

The Lemming Factor

MEMBERS AND GUESTS met, per custom, at a Friday afternoon reception. An excellent dinner followed in the ballroom, and it was a contented group that settled back to enjoy John Silber's keynote remarks on the quite astonishing similarities between the American educationist establishment and the Norwegian lemming. Driven by its instinct for "change" and overpopulated with mindless "innovations," public education is swimming out to sea.

Ever since Dewey declared that "education is a science," classrooms have increasingly been used as social laboratories, at the expense of—education. Mr. Silber described the present situation as "no-fault pedagogy," and cited many indices of educational disarray. One horrendous problem is that students at ed schools average an incredi-

Mr. Wheeler is a longtime contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW *and other conservative publications.*

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ble eighty SAT points lower than those in other studies. So, our future teachers are themselves "just at the borderline of educability." Mr. Silber suggested that if one courageous governor would buck the ed-school monopoly and do away with teacher certification, i.e., put teaching back somewhat on a market basis, reform would be swift and far-reaching—although, in devotion to the ideal (which within living memory was frequently a reality) of high-quality public schooling, he would not nudge this market process along by means of tuition tax credits or a voucher system.

Formal business concluded, members adjourned to a hospitality suite for the no less important business of reunion. Far, far into the night.

Back to Basics

On Saturday, we had to drop the evening meeting and squeeze four sessions into the time usually allotted for three. (Another convention was coming into town and hogging all the facilities.) Thus, beginning at nine in the morning, things moved briskly all day.

The first session, chaired by John Howard, returned to the problems in education. Chester Finn of Vanderbilt University spoke of the growing back-to-basics movement in public schools. Its evident successes, he said, result from decentralization, leadership by laymen (mainly parents), and a focus on results, not theories; for which heresies it is hotly opposed by the educationists. The NEA's own idea of reform, recently debated in all seriousness, as Finn noted, is: "Is it time to give up on grammar?" Eileen Gardner of the Heritage Foundation argued eloquently that education must be based on values, and looked to the restoration of its moral foundation as the most needed reform. Allan Carlson of the Rockford Institute attacked the "pluralism problem." Public education was established to Americanize, but it has done a complete about-face, now favoring ethnic and cultural diversity. The answer lies in reconstructing a distinctive and unified American culture to which education can be geared.

Three visitors from abroad concluded the morning's business with discussions of diverse European questions, with Anthony Harrigan as chairman. Joachim Maitre, now at Boston University, offered, from a West German perspective, a closely reasoned and exceedingly well-informed view of NATO's troubles and the current Soviet threat. Central to his argument was the Soviet strategic concept that nuclear missiles are not meant to attack the enemy's physical strength, but rather to attack his spirit, mind, and will. In a word, the Soviets aim at nuclear blackmail, and with such success that few if any countries in Europe have the will to defend themselves. Sergio Ricossa of the University of Turin recalled Italy's postwar "economic miracle," unfortunately brief. Recovery began in 1948 when the socialists were booted out of power, on American advice, and ended in 1962, when the Socialists were brought back in, also on American advice. Desmond Swayne of Wrekin College, almost boyish in appearance but accomplished and sunny in delivery, addressing education in the UK, had comforting words for anyone dispirited by education here: "You have heard nothing yet!" Which point he redeemed completely. Fully half of Britain's secondary students graduate without any grade (proficiency) in anything. The reason, Swayne said, was the educationists' "ideological preference": Marxism.

The Wise Men Know . . .

At lunch, Forrest McDonald related his pilgrimage to the shrines of faraway Tupelo, Mississippi, birthplace of Elvis Presley, in search of a suitable gift for the society's first vice president, M. Stanton Evans. The award, a handsome 1-ELVIS license plate, was made with appropriate dignity. After his acceptance, Mr. Evans passed along a couple of late-breaking news stories that members, cooped up in a hotel, might have missed. The first concerned a startling turnaround by the Reverend Jerry Falwell and Paul Weyrich, who endorsed sex education in the schools—on the grounds that if they teach sex the way they teach everything else, soon nobody will know a thing about it. The second was the National Council of Churches' denunciation of Falwell for mixing religion and politics, from which charge the NCC is itself immune, never having had anything to do with religion.

The luncheon address, traditionally given by the society's outgoing president, is always a highlight. This year was special, by virtue of Russell Kirk's unique and distinguished contributions to conservative thought. Even the title of his speech was deliciously Kirkian: "The Wise Men Know What Wicked Things Are Written on the Sky." Professor Kirk's theme was that men are moved by visions, not by the sterile "enlightened self-interest" of the nineteenth-century rationalists. The true battle of our age is therefore not for any particular political or economic system, nor even for the mind, but for the imagination. And in the throes of modernity, it is what T. S. Eliot termed the "diabolic imagination" that has ruled the world. Unchecked, this would be a fatal affliction. But a moral and beneficent imagination can be reasserted, and our doom is not predestined. We must fight beneath the surface of affairs, for "only the changing of the visions can achieve large political changes." "We must," Professor Kirk concluded, "renew the sources of our moral imagination."

"Beyond Legal Positivism" was the subject of the first afternoon session. Chairman James McClellan ably posed the dilemmas created by the positivist invasion of law, which, like education, was declared to be a science. By applying the principles of physics, instead of natural law, to the affairs of men, it was believed, a way could be found to realize utopia at last. From this belief, the very concepts of law and justice have been obliterated by an onrushing, results-oriented activism.

Gary McDowell of Tulane traced the positivist influence back a century to the switch at Harvard (where else?) from legal philosophy to case law. The emphasis, growing ever since, has been on winning the case—at the expense of justice. The study of the Constitution has long since lapsed, and the Supreme Court is the arbiter merely of fashion, reducing the law from a moral science to social engineering. William Harvey of Indiana University described the havoc caused by law engaged in social activism, taking as his example the Legal Services Corporation. Here are litigious busybodies, intervening on the basis of class (low income) rather than justice, at immense expense to taxpayers; and this, in contravention of the doctrine of rights, at no risk to themselves. William Kristol gave us an inside view from his position at the JFK Center at Harvard (which position he felt obliged to explain, having

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many friends in the audience). Harvard, he said, went "beyond legal positivism" as Stalin went beyond Leninism, or *Deep Throat* beyond, say, *Snow White*. At Harvard, even process-oriented legal activism is assailed as too feeble. The Constitution is not merely to be stretched, but to be ignored altogether, as in *Roe* v. *Wade*, legalizing abortion; and likewise for all statutes. The New Left of the Sixties is now entrenched in the law schools, turning law into radical activism. The new theory is that the judges are making law and ought to admit it, in order to engineer "change" the more freely. The claims of justice are simply laughed off.

Ship 'Em Out

THE FINAL SESSION—"The Crisis in American Institutions," or, roughly, what to do about Washington—was chaired by Edwin Feulner Jr., an original officer of the society, now president of the Heritage Foundation. All three speakers were, I believe, also charter members of the society. Representative Philip M. Crane led off and rattled speedily through some of his ideas for federal reform: bureaucratic accountability to Congress; shorter congressional sessions (no more than six months—great cheers from the audience); budgeting only every other year, with election years being reserved for oversight; line-item veto for the President; a balanced-budget amendment; and return to a gold standard. All these were warmly received, but the response to two other suggestions he made was so enthusiastic as to bear further mention. One was to limit membership in either House of the Gang of 535 to 12 years. The delight with this was such that Representative Crane reduced it to one term in the Senate or two in the House, the rationale being that politicians would no longer be obliged to promise everything to everybody to seek re-election. It is a lovely idea. His other proposal, received with acclamation, was to move federal departments out of Washington and into the real world. Ergo, ship Agriculture to Des Moines, Commerce to Chicago, Transportation to Detroit, and OSHA to Nome, Alaska.

T. Kenneth Cribb Jr., assistant counselor to the President, established his bona fides thus: "My mother is so conservative she's against discussion. [*Laughter.*] The only time she discusses anything," he said, "is when Dan Rather is on, and you can hear her all around the house saying, 'Jackass!' " Mr. Cribb then manfully undertook to explain why the election of a conservative President had not produced a conservative reformation. He offered in expiation the casualties inflicted by the advocacy press, and lamented our occasional inability to eschew "the art of the possible" in favor of taking the right position, hence making Congress take the heat for defeating right-thinking measures. In the end it is the correct intellectual underpinning, he said, that leads to political reform.

Stan Evans, returning to the podium as the final speaker, drew on rich experience to argue that "conservatives have been operating according to a mistaken model." Namely: We have supposed the people to be sovereign, hence have supposed them to be misled by ideologues into disastrous voting patterns. It follows that we should educate the people and organize them politically; and this in fact has been done with some success. The trouble is, voters are not sovereign; we are now ruled by a form of government in which the people have little or no say. It is bureaucratic in nature and remains in power no matter who is elected (only three-tenths of 1 per cent of executive-branch positions are filled by appointment). The Supreme Court is the most influential element, by far, but mere time-servers in the bureaucracy, several million strong, are also beyond reach because of autopilot budgeting (the "unmanageable" 75 per cent of the budget that is indexed to the CPI and that increases without congressional appropriations). These elements of unreachable government are served by the numberless ideologues, lobbyists, and special interests in Washington, and protected by the advocacy media—the *Post*, the *Times*, network TV, and others addicted to a lotus diet. Americans, in short, are no longer self-governing, but are ruled by an insulated and insatiable Washington system that works solely for its own benefit. Therefore, Mr. Evans said, the real problem is, "How do we put the people back in charge of their government?" The answer is not pragmatism, but restoration of a moral basis for political decisions.

One question in the Q&As following is worth note. "Where," someone asked, paraphrasing the hamburger ad, "is the veto?"

"Good question," sighed a panelist, completing the answer by saying no more. □

Dog Days

My dog, Macduff, observes the moon
A-wasting in the West.
He's had his chase of the raccoon
And now it's time to rest.

No thoughts of Greece and Rome are his,
Of Helen, Paris, Troy.
"The face that launched a thousand ships"
Is lost upon this boy.

Sir Lancelot and Guinevere
Strike no responsive spark.
Brave Tristram and the fair Iseult
Would scarcely rate a bark.

If sex should stir his sturdy loins
The bitch next door is there.
No sense in mixing love with lust,
Risking *la grande affaire.*

I often think his life is dull
In leash to such banality.
But when I dream of you, my dear,
Would I were wise as he.

JOHN A. DAVENPORT

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KARL RAHNER, R I P

WITH THE DEATH of the Jesuit Professor Karl Rahner on March 30 in Innsbruck, all of Christendom has lost an eminent theologian, one of the greatest of our times.

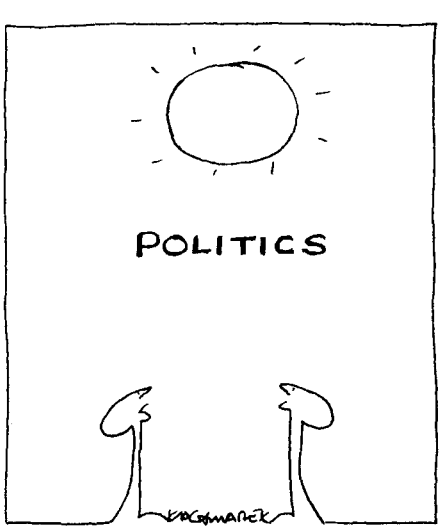
Pope Pius XII once referred to the Calvinist theologian Karl Barth as the outstanding Christian thinker of his age—and this at a time when Barth considered the Catholic Church all but the Antichrist! But in his final years Barth changed his mind radically about the Catholic Church, enjoyed a visit to Rome and conversations with Paul VI, and became a most vocal critic of the "innovations" in the Catholic Church after Vatican II.

Yet, while it is fairly easy to sum up the theology of Karl Barth, it is well-nigh impossible to make a digest of Karl Rahner's work because it is so very catholic, as well as Catholic. His theological work is panoramic; he touched upon every conceivable subject that might interest a Christian. What could perhaps be singled out above all was his effort to bring Kant and Hegel —with adaptive corrections—onto the level of neoscholasticism, to concede to man a transcendental view and vision enabling him to know and comprehend the finite as well as the infinite. Rahner studied philosophy under Martin Heidegger in Freiburg, but it would be wrong to see in him merely a Heideggerian. In fact, the greatest influence on him was Joseph Maréchal, SJ (1878-1944), who taught at the University of Louvain.

At times Rahner had difficulties with the Society of Jesus and with the Church itself. His writings could never be called heretical, but the way in which he treated the enormous variety of questions and problems he dealt with made him suspect in Roman (and other) circles. He had minor troubles under Pius XII and greater ones under John XXIII; it was during the latter's papacy that Rahner was forbidden to publish his writings without submitting them to the Roman censors, which he refused to do. One must realize that in Rome, at that time, the knowledge of Germanic and Slavic languages was extremely limited, and, to make matters worse, Karl Rahner's German was complex and involved. (His brother Hugo, also a Jesuit and a fine theologian, once said that if he only had the time, he would translate his brother's works into German!)

Rahner, to be sure, wasn't the only one under papal scrutiny. The reign of John XXIII started out with the most rigorous Roman reaction against the Jesuits in general and the German Jesuits in particular, probably because they had attained so much influence under Pius XII. The compilation of *Mater et Magistra*, the encyclical that examined Christianity's role in social progress, had originally been entrusted to Father Gustav Gundlach, SJ; it was taken from him when John XXIII became pope and altered considerably—with results we may remember—before John XXIII signed it.

Until the opening of Vatican II, Karl Rahner was under a cloud. (He then became a *peritus* of the Vatican Council, along with Cardinal König.) He was most unjustly persecuted by the ecclesiastical network in Rome, and at one point a group of German laymen proposed sending a delegation to Rome to raise Cain. (The Vatican was always afraid of laymen, who cannot so easily be disciplined.) I was charged to inform Rahner of this, but he begged, on the verge of tears, that we desist from this plan. "It would only make matters worse," he said.



"You'll be happy to note that there's something above it."

Although he never became a cardinal—like the Jesuits Daniélou and Lubac, both also formerly under attack in *Humani Generis* (the encyclical that warned against errors in Church teaching)—his eightieth birthday, which came only a few weeks before his death, was celebrated as a great occasion in the heart of Europe, which seemed to please him.

FORTUNATELY, Rahner didn't venture into either economics or politics in the narrower sense, as some of his disciples did, with lamentable results. But in the areas where he did venture it can't be denied that he said and wrote things that not every Catholic could subscribe to and that left room for fatal misinterpretations. Nevertheless, the Catholic Church is emphatically *not* a conservative body, but a perpetually growing plant (that sometimes grows in the wrong direction). Church leaders are well aware that with someone as prolific and original as Rahner, controversial opinions can hardly be avoided.

Finally, whatever Rahner's critics may say, one point must be made in his defense: He never called a press conference to complain about his "human rights" being infringed and he didn't cry on the shoulders of the enemies of Christ. He suffered not gladly but sadly—and bore the Cross (which the Church inevitably is) in noble silence. May he rest in peace. □

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NOT SO SIMPLE EL SALVADOR

On October 10, 1983, Archbishop John R. Quinn of San Francisco issued a "pastoral letter on Central America" calling for a cessation of U.S. military aid to El Salvador and for a "broad-based political" solution rather than a "military" solution to conflict there. In his letter, he said that he was following the lead of Archbishop Rivera y Damas of San Salvador on these two issues.

In part, Archbishop Quinn does follow the Salvadoran archbishop, but he omits several substantive qualifications that are of extreme importance. On the night of the beautiful and moving Salvadoran election, March 25, 1984, I, together with several U.S. congressmen, senators, and other official observers, asked Archbishop Rivera y Damas about these matters.

Archbishop Rivera y Damas did emphasize that he favored a cessation of military assistance from *all* parties and that he favored a peaceful political solution, as opposed to a bloody military solution. (So do all reasonable people.) But Archbishop Rivera also made crystal clear that he is *not* in favor of a *unilateral* cutoff of military aid, and that he considers a political solution extremely difficult, arduous, and time-consuming.

The congressmen were quite blunt. We are under criticism from the U.S. Catholic bishops and others, they said; if *you*, Your Excellency, faced a vote next week on military assistance to El Salvador, as we do, what would you do? Archbishop Rivera said it is not his role to give political advice; that is for the congressmen to decide. But he also made several crucial points.

Archbishop Rivera said that the citizens of the United States are fortunate to live in a nation where public opinion counts; but public opinion is often tilted to the left; so in making decisions he would advise congressmen and others to be very "objective" in their analysis of fact.

First, he said, the guerrillas in El Salvador "do not have much support"—he then corrected himself and said: "have little support"—among the people; therefore, it is obvious that their persistence and power in the field have international sources.

Second, while it has always been his goal that *no* outside military aid should come into impoverished El Salvador from anyone, he has never held that military aid from the U.S. should be halted *unilaterally*.

Third, the people showed by the brave effort they made to vote that they demand change in the direction of social justice—they reject both the injustice of the past and the path of the guerrillas.

Fourth, a peaceful political solution is preferable to continued bloodshed, but it is not the archbishop's place to say how this should be achieved or to suggest that it can be achieved immediately or easily; the road may be hard and long, but it must continually be tried. He is the pastor of all his flock, left and right and center.

Fifth, international support given the guerrillas shows that the conflict is not merely a local one, but has a geopolitical dimension. This must not be forgotten, he told the congressmen.

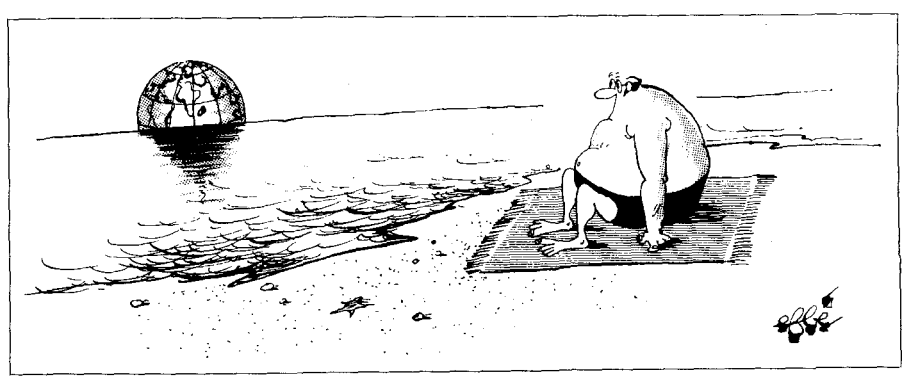
Sixth, with regard to Sandinista Nicaragua, the archbishop said he hears two views. Some of his advisors say that the Sandinista leaders are young, and have made mistakes, but are capable of correcting their course and turning in a more humane direction. Meanwhile, some bishops of the area and others advise him that the Sandinista leaders know quite clearly what they are doing, that they are convinced and determined Marxists, and that things may grow ever worse for the Church in Nicaragua. He said that, for himself, he inclines to the latter view.

A Sense of Balance

The archbishop spoke with superb circumspection, prudence, and clarity. Keeping strictly to his role as a churchman, he refused to offer political advice, even when explicitly requested. He did *not* say that the U.S. should cease military aid to El Salvador. He took care to repeat, more than once, that such cessation should *not* be unilateral. He did not say that negotiations can be instantly successful, as a substitute for continued self-defense, but that they are much to be preferred, no matter how difficult.

Replying to a question, the archbishop quietly admitted that his life has been threatened, more than once, and recently. He has no illusions about forces of evil in his country, on the Right. He has no illusions, either, about the Left. He is an heroic figure.

And his sense of balance seems superior to that of any other bishop I have heard on this subject. □



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THE FOREIGN-POLICY SOUP

FROM OUR Philippine military bases to ballistic-missile defenses, from NATO to manpower to the defense budget process, recent issues of prominent quarterlies have flooded the newsstands with commentaries on our military readiness. The Spring 1984 issue of the *Washington Quarterly*, the journal of the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown, devotes four articles to America's changing relations with its European allies. Meanwhile, with its Spring issue, *The Public Interest* begins a two-issue, eight-article series titled "America's Defense Dilemmas." A recent issue of the Foreign Policy Research Institute's *Orbis* (Winter 1984) included a symposium on military and political "gaming," while the Winter issue of the *Journal of Contemporary Studies* offered articles on ballistic missiles, intelligence betrayals, and the "dubious promise" of big-power summitry.

If the need for such reminders and reassessments is unfortunate, the climate in which they occur is downright scary. Never in recent history have so many chefs sought to stir the foreign-policy soup. And it is that issue—Congress's now-considerable involvement in the making of foreign policy—which draws the fire, albeit from different angles, of Representative Richard Cheney and Senator Charles Mathias in the current issue of *SAIS Review*, the journal of Johns Hopkins's School of Advanced International Studies (Winter/Spring 1984).

Cheney recites the familiar history of bipartisanship in foreign policy, from the aftermath of World War II through the mid-1960s. (He does not specifically mention that this period coincides with the submersion of Republican isolationism and the re-emergence of isolationism two decades later, this time as a Democratic phenomenon.) By the 1970s, as a result of Vietnam and Watergate, bipartisanship could no longer be counted on, nor could Congress's acquiescence in presidential decisions. Yet Congress was at the same time itself being transformed. There were more young and inexperienced members. They demanded more power and disdained the seniority system.

"What happened during the 1970s, then," says Cheney, "is that the ability of Congress to contribute efficiently and substantively to the foreign-policy process was being diminished at the very time the conventional wisdom held that Congress should have a greater role in the process." Remarkably, at one time in the mid-1970s the Director of Central Intelligence was required to brief eight congressional committees about covert operations.

Cheney contends that "power is currently so diffuse in the Congress that the Oval Office is probably not big enough to hold all the people the President normally needs to check with" about the prognosis for a piece of legislation. Senator Mathias draws the conclusion: "In the long run, it is mischievous for the 535 members of the Senate and House of Representatives, separately or collectively, to play at being Secretary of State. . . . the plethora of restrictions . . . grossly impedes the flexibility a great nation must have to make headway over shifting ground."

This is a sufficiently serious illness that the reader is left wondering about the adequacy of the prescription. Mathias suggests that "Around a core of shared principles and goals, we should be able to maintain a stable structure of shared responsibility," of "comity." He makes four suggestions. First, the executive branch should refrain from establishing commissions, except in the case of emergencies. Second, the President should rely more on foreign-service professionals. Congress, says Mathias, should keep its confidences, thus to win the trust of the executive branch. Finally, Congress should erect fewer barriers to presidential initiative in foreign policy.

Representative Cheney's conclusion in respect of the War Powers Act, which passed in 1973 over the veto of then-President Nixon, bears repeating. "It might be worth considering a revision of the War Powers Act that would remove any *specific* limits on presidential authority," but in any event, "If the War Powers Act is left as is, it will merely continue to serve as an irritant to the President and as an impediment to effective consultation, thus negating the very purpose for which it was passed in the first place."

Will these prescriptions work? It seems unlikely that the War Powers Act will be altered without prodding from the judiciary. One would expect a case sometime in Reagan's second term, probably after the retirement of a Supreme Court Justice or two.

SENATOR MATHIAS'S recommendations seem fairly mild, except for the suggestion that Administrations treat the views of professional diplomats with greater respect. This would be a surefire way to make foreign policy agreeable to the senator. Unfortunately, the foreign service is itself in sufficiently sorry shape that the benefits would be doubtful.

Senator Mathias is correct when he argues that "an effort to build harmony in the practice of foreign policy . . . can also hasten accord on the substance of policy." Yet he appears to fail to see what restrains presidential appointees from making leaps of faith toward greater accord with Congress. Frankly, he should cast his eyes about the dais of the Foreign Relations Committee. For one perennial impediment to comity seems to have been growing lately. Namely, the inclination to doubt that Congress is a serious place. □

Mr. Scully is editor of This World.

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OF VALOR (AND DISCRETION)

Tom Bethell

The Supply-Side Revolution, by Paul Craig Roberts (Harvard, 311 pp., $18.50)

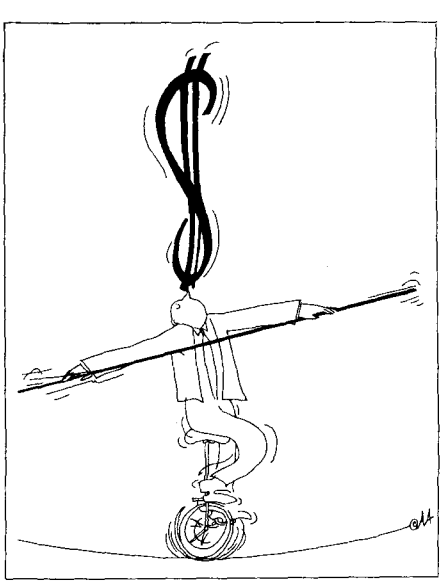
THE KEY insight of the supply-side movement was simply this: It is politically possible to cut tax rates, while it is impossible to cut spending. (Federal spending has not been cut since the end of the Korean War.) This had not been grasped—and it still has not—by balanced-budget Republicans and Austrian economists, who agreed with supply-siders that the role of the market should be increased, and that of government reduced. Only the supply-siders understood that waiting for spending cuts handed victory to the Left, because it would mean waiting forever.

Supply-siders are economists who are happy to be called political economists. It is a conservative cliché to say that ideas have consequences. Supply-siders wanted to see theirs enacted. This alone explains the fierce ideological opposition they encountered in the press (expressed in the form of ridicule) and from the Left more generally.

The second insight of the supply-siders dovetailed perfectly with the first: The tax side of the budget is much more important to economic health than the spending side. And the two are not commensurate. The government can spend another million dollars, and that is a decision. It can try to collect another million in taxes, and that is a *calculation*—one that may upset the apple cart. Government spending can be inflationary, or may induce dependency; excessive taxation, on the other hand, can prevent economic activity from occurring. Maybe if people are charged more for the privilege of working in America, they will work less and the government will collect less. Every shopkeeper knows that if he is to collect more revenue, he may well have to *lower* the prices of goods on his shelves.

When supply-siders attempted to extend this elementary observation to the national economy, they were roundly denounced and ridiculed. The Vice President's advisors, later employed by President Reagan, called the shopkeeper's common sense "voodoo economics."

One of the leading supply-side economists is Paul Craig Roberts. He holds the William E. Simon Chair in Political Economy at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, and before that he was an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in Reagan's first year in office. Earlier he worked on Capitol Hill and for the *Wall Street Journal*. Roberts is noteworthy for the passionate intensity with which he communicates his views on policy and for the lucidity of his expression. I have read practically everything Roberts has published in recent years, and I have never encountered a muddled sentence or an unclear thought.



These virtues are on display in Roberts's latest book. *The Supply-Side Revolution*, his "insider's account of policymaking in Washington," is informally divided into two parts. The first deals with the period in the 1970s when supply-side ideas blossomed on Capitol Hill among aides to Representative Jack Kemp, Senator William Roth, Senator Orrin Hatch, and one or two others. As Robert D. Hershey pointed out in an interesting review of this book in the *New York Times*, "Supply-side, while not devoid of academic heritage, can still be described as one of the few intellectual movements masterminded largely in Congress." This is correct: The Hill aides who shaped the Kemp-Roth bill knew a good deal more about the U.S. tax code and the House Ways and Means Committee than they did about Adam Smith. In a foreword, Roberts acknowledges seven "unsung heroes of supply-side economics," all of them Hill staffers. (But in the text he tells us very little about their contributions to policymaking.)

With the election of President Reagan, Roberts moved into the Administration, and the latter part of his book is a blow-by-blow account of the bitter struggle between those who wanted to implement the supply-side program and those who wanted to thwart it. It turned out that Reagan had, mystifyingly, appointed many aides who believed that the shopkeeper (government) should *raise* his prices (tax rates) if he wanted to increase his revenue. These advocates finally prevailed in 1982, when a sizable chunk of the 1981 tax cut was rescinded. Then a gas tax was enacted, and in 1983 Social Security taxes were also increased. Today it looks as though we are in for

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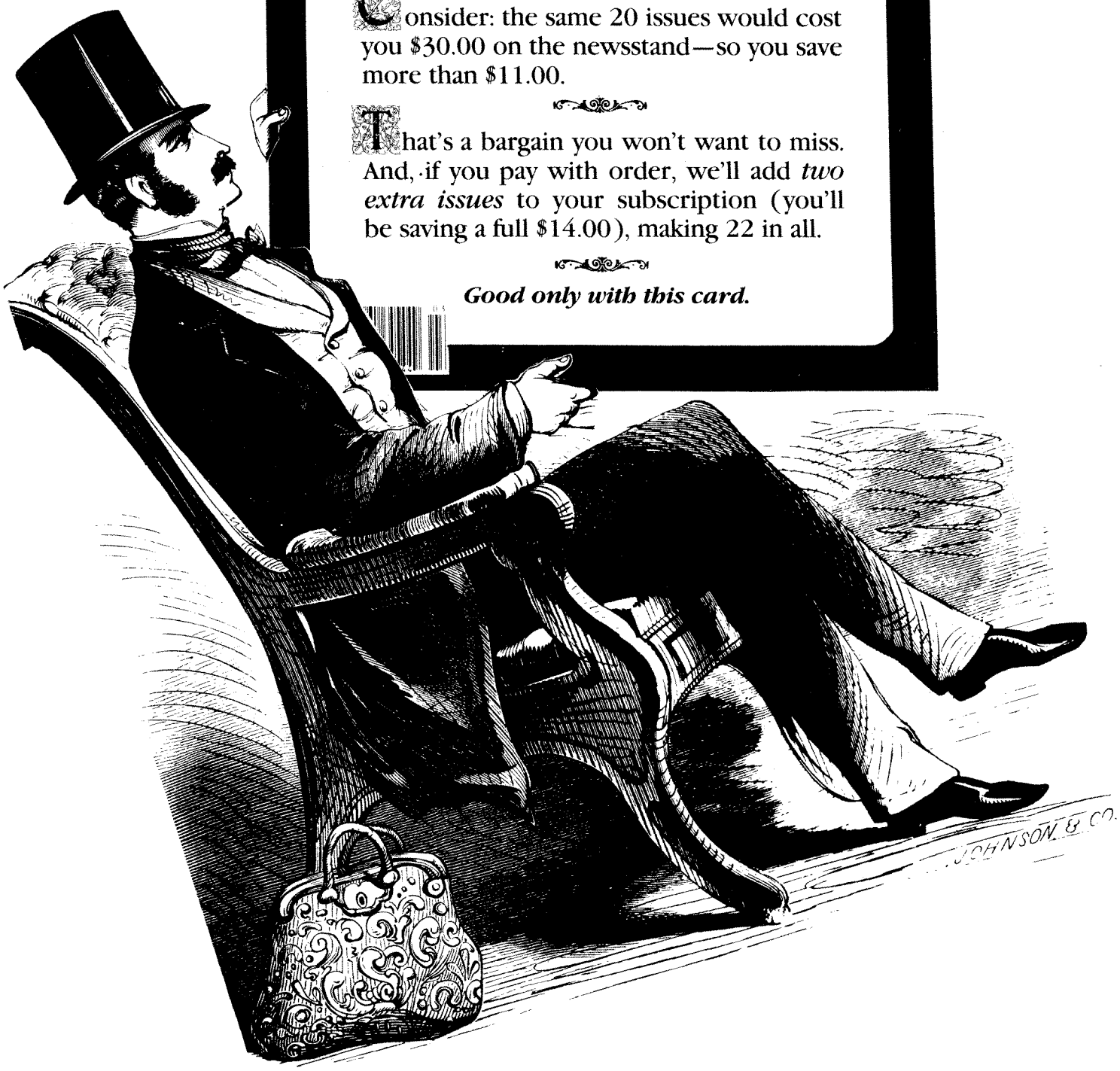

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another election-year tax increase, now called a "deficit cut." How about next year? Manuel Johnson, Craig Roberts's replacement at Treasury, is quoted in *The Atlantic* as saying: "Against my wishes, it looks like we're moving toward a big tax increase."

Roberts's otherwise absorbing book cries out for a little analysis at this point. Why is it that supply-side ideas, so strongly supported by the evidence, and apparently answerable only by ridicule, seem to have so little intellectual appeal? Of course, the answer is easy as far as the Left is concerned. Supply-siders offered the Left a compromise. You want more money for spending programs, they said. We want lower tax rates. Well, the latter will yield the former. Nothing doing, said the Left (taking care to couch its response in pragmatic terms: Such a proposal was "unworkable"). The Left knew it was being asked to surrender a measure of its control over the electorate. And this it valued more than revenues. The Left's opposition to supply-side ideas was consistent with its ideology.

Harder to understand has been the opposition of balanced-budget Republicans, weather-vane moderates, and such Reagan officials as David Stockman, James Baker, and Martin Feldstein. These emerge in the course of Roberts's narrative as determined antagonists to supply-side ideas, but their motivation remains obscure. Without saying so directly, Roberts creates the impression that they are mere opportunists, pandering to the consensus in Washington and Cambridge. He reports that his former boss, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, "was amazed at the tenacity with which these two men [Baker and Stockman] fought their Chief of State. Indeed, the impunity with which they undermined the President had a chilling effect on Reaganites in the government . . ." Roberts does not attempt to explain this behavior. One can only surmise that he is as much in the dark as the rest of us.

For all its claim to be an "insider's account," this is in some ways a discreet book—often little more than a commentary on developments as reported in the daily papers, supplemented by Roberts's own Treasury memos. Still, it is a valuable account, and Craig Roberts deserves our gratitude. Few people in Washington have brought as much commitment and intensity to the fight for liberty. Without his formidable support, the supply-side movement today would be much enfeebled. □

NEW SOVIET MAN

Joseph Sobran

The Other Establishment, by Thomas B. Smith (Regnery Gateway, 205 pp., $18.95)

EVER SINCE Lincoln Steffens returned from the Soviet Union to burble, "I have been over into the future, and it works," Westerners on all sides have assumed there was something wonderfully (or deplorably) "modern" about the Soviet system. The term "modernity" itself is a compact designation for all sorts of aspirations, from the scientific and technological to the religious, and it arouses opposite reactions in different people. For a while it was plausible to think that a man's attitude toward the Soviet Union was a rough index of his attitude toward "modernity."

But modernity, as Leo Strauss remarked, is a somewhat local phenomenon: roughly speaking, it is secularized Protestantism. This is not a thing likely to take root in Russian soil.

Westerners overlook that, however, and take for granted that modernization is a universal aspiration, even if it is far from a universal occurrence. So it is startling to have a look at the daily facts of life for an ordinary man in the "modern" Soviet Union.

The Other Establishment is subtitled "An in-depth study of what individual life is really like in Communist-controlled countries." This is misleading: The book concentrates on one facet of Soviet life, the documents every Soviet "citizen" is required to possess and present for inspection at any time by the authorities, and the corresponding bureaus of records kept by the authorities themselves. It is a dry study indeed.

Nevertheless, *The Other Establishment* does take a close look at an aspect that has been curiously neglected: the Soviet practice of assigning identities to individuals. The most important document the Soviet subject holds is his *pasport*, which doesn't let him out of the country, although it may, if kept in good order, help him stay out of Gulag.

But the basic purpose of the *pasport* is to keep him in his place. He is identified not only by name and age, but also by race and economic status. Race (or "nationality") is the third item on the *pasport*: The state bluntly classifies the individual as a Great Russian, a Ukrainian, a Jew, a gypsy, a Georgian, a Finn, an Armenian, or any of about two dozen other presumably useful designations. Since the *pasport* is a highly practical document, these identities aren't assigned to indulge the curiosity of academic demographers. "In a land where the 'Great Russian' controls the establishment," writes the author, Thomas B. Smith, "a person who has any entry other than '*russkiy*' ('Great Russian') in this category is automatically subject to some discrimination." Odd that Paul Robeson never mentioned this.

The remarkable thing, in fact, is that a datum so obvious to every Soviet subject, so unconcealed in daily life, should pass so totally unnoticed in the West. As Chesterton says, "Men can always be blind to a thing, so long as it is big enough." The detail is eloquent of the actual mindset of the Soviet elite, and yet no inference is drawn from it in the publications of, say, the Council on Foreign Relations, or in the writings of theorists of East-West "convergence." Dirty secrets can be open secrets.

The entry for "social position" classifies the individual as a white-collar worker, factory worker, peasant, collective farmer, student, retiree, or dependent of some sort. The *pasport*-bearer has no say about his status, says Smith:

> This has been predetermined by his age, education, IQ, work background, accomplishments, etc., as of the date when the *pasport* was issued, and the *pasport* desk official in the *militsiya* [police] precinct decides the wording of the entry. It is not an exaggeration to say that this entry validates a caste element which undeniably exists in the vaunted "classless society" of the Soviet Union, since only persons in the "*sluzhashchiy*" [white-collar] category have any real chance to advance beyond the most routine and unrewarding existence.

Other entries specify marital and military status, residence, and number of children, and tell officials where the

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pasport was issued, in case they need further information. The state also keeps comprehensive records of residence, and nobody may change his address without telling the authorities and, if he wishes to move from one locality to another, getting official permission first. Every apartment building also keeps a "House Book" with such information on the inhabitants as the police may require. Similarly thorough records are kept by the labor union, the military, and the vital-statistics bureau, ZAGS. Among others. Quite a few others. Record-keeping, as Smith remarks, is vital to repression.

Being the sort of person who is always six months late renewing a driver's license, I find this book more depressing than the average reader will. As I say, a dry study. But it is interesting, and even in a way indispensable, in presenting the "normal" side of the system whose more spectacular efflorescences have already enjoyed a hefty literature. Smith shows us the workaday infrastructure of tyranny that makes the monstrosities possible. (He also points out that the military bureaucracy has been poised for instant mobilization of the reserves since Stalin's latter days.)

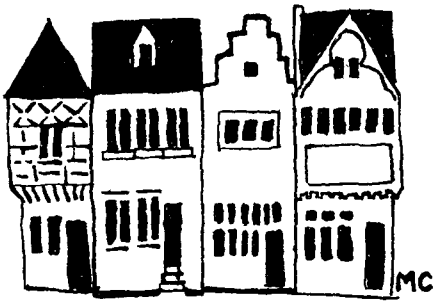
The crude classification of 270 million people into a few rigid categories is light years away from Western-style "modernization." In the terms favored by Talcott Parsons, Soviet Man's identity is "ascribed" rather than "achieved." His masters, in a few handwritten entries, tell him what he is. One marvels less at the old progressive *naïfs* like Steffens, who projected their own futuristic hopes onto the Soviet system, than at today's liberals, who keep parroting the cliché that the two superpowers "mirror" each other. □

AN AMERICAN UNCLE

Thomas Mallon

The Enthusiast: A Life of Thornton Wilder, by Gilbert A. Harrison (Ticknor & Fields, 403 pp., $19.95)

IT IS AN odd experience to learn that the author of *Our Town* and *The Matchmaker* was once attacked for ignoring American subject matter in favor of dimly imagined classical worlds



full of "little lavender tragedies." But those are the grounds on which a left-wing writer named Michael Gold took exception to Thornton Wilder's novel *The Woman of Andros* in the pages of *The New Republic* in 1930. Although one tends to forget it, Wilder was indeed almost as likely to set his works in Rome or Peru as in Grover's Corners or Yonkers. Gilbert Harrison, himself once an editor of *The New Republic*, pays sustained and sympathetic attention to all of Wilder's imaginative worlds in this large new biography, which reveals a man whose far-flung sensibilities made him friends with Gertrude Stein and caused him to fill 1,198 pages of his journal with notes on the seventeenth-century Spanish playwright Lope de Vega.

The unhappy match of a slightly mystical mother with a father full of civic pieties gave birth to Thornton Niven Wilder on April 17, 1897. He spent much of his childhood in Wisconsin, but some of it in China, too. (Amos Wilder was Theodore Roosevelt's consul general in Hong Kong.) Thornton endured his schooldays as an outsider but not a rebel, and he discovered his vocation as a writer at Oberlin and Yale. If his mother's artistic leanings sent his literary imagination into distant worlds, some of his father's didacticism survived in his novels and plays (e.g., his injunction to place "a value above all price [on] the smallest events of our daily life") and led to his success as a teacher, first at Lawrenceville and then at the University of Chicago in the 1930s. Optimistic without being slaphappy, he took the long view of man, finding him essentially the same in the Ice Age as in the McKinley Administration and resisting, as his biographer puts it, "the temptation to believe that the human race is going to hell." In this sense he was an extraordinarily daring writer for his day.

But if Wilder was a prophet of the ordinary, he ended up with too much honor in his own country. He produced relatively little after his service with Army Air Intelligence in the Second World War. A lot of the time he should have been writing was spent picking up honorary degrees, making UNESCO chat, and leading what Harrison calls a "flagrantly gregarious" life. The man who had dramatized the little ecstasies of home became a "perennial wanderer," to France, Germany, Aspen, Arizona. He managed to produce *The Eighth Day* and *Theophilus North* in his last decade, but there were more projects abandoned than completed.

He was a generous man (" 'a push-over on contracts' "), a writer of encouraging letters to the young and disappointed, someone who liked to chat with barflies and eat at Howard Johnson's. He was easy to work with and therefore left behind fewer anecdotes than a man of the theater usually does. There are stretches of *The Enthusiast* that are more dutiful than absorbing. (What a relief when Tallulah Bankhead shows up to make trouble! She was cast as Sabina in *The Skin of Our Teeth*. When she and Wilder looked forward to an armistice day that would end the Second World War, she told him: "I've ordered the ambulance already.")

The man Harrison describes as an "enthusiast"—for food, travel, cross-country walking, and troops of friends—was also guarded and somewhat neutered. Harrison's biography rather emulates its subject in this respect. This book may be a relief from the monomaniacal bedchecks that often pass for literary biography these days, but it rushes away from discussion of sex almost as fast as Wilder did from its experience. Wilder apparently had an affair with one Samuel Steward, a college instructor and later an author of pseudonymous sex novels, but "the sexual act was so hurried and reticent, so barren of embrace, tenderness, or passion that it might never have happened. Steward felt that for Thornton the act was literally 'unspeakable.' "

"Thornton" remains just that to Harrison—"Thornton," never Wilder. This is all right, because there was always something a little too young or a little too old about Wilder, a man who went straight from being a younger brother to being a friendly, elderly uncle without slipping into any of life's more essential roles in between. Harrison is sometimes less than probing in

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his explanations, but he is never pompous either. There is some strain in the writing, a little too much first-person-plural footsie with the reader ("It is that boy's story that we follow"), and some attempts to make chapter endings into cliffhangers where the cliffs are only a few inches high. But *The Enthusiast* is a diligent account of an imagination that was rather more complicated than will be suspected by those who have encountered it only by playing Emily Webb or George Gibbs in their junior year of high school. ☐

PASSING FOR FUNNY

William Murchison

The Rescue of Miss Yaskell and Other Pipe Dreams, by Russell Baker (Congdon & Weed, 294 pp., $14.95)

IN THE past few years, Russell Baker, resident funnyman at the somber old *New York Times*, has become a certified Celebrity: Pulitzer Prize, best-seller list, rave reviews, cover of *Time* magazine, the works. All of which gives rise, naturally, to a churlish question: Just how funny is he, really? Compared with whom? is the sensible answer. Compared with Wicker, Lewis, and Reston, those venerable gloompusses of the *Times* Op-Ed page? Next to these, Baker, as they used to say in the movie ads, is a laugh-riot.

Compared with Art Buchwald, then? But that is yet another weak-sister comparison. Buchwald has been rewriting himself for 15 years. Come to think of it, he wasn't very funny 15 years ago.

Try again: Compared with Mencken and Twain and Finley Peter Dunne? Baker can't even suit up in that exalted league. The aforesaid scribes had something that Baker, for all his polish and sophistication, sorely lacks. That thing is substance.

Russell Baker, as this latest collection of columns amply demonstrates, is clever as the devil. He is more than that: He is a top-drawer stylist. Out on the literary ice he skates like Gardner and Babilonia, cleanly, swiftly, making it all look as easy as pie. Witness, by contrast, how dreary and pompous are most of American journalism's superstars, like Rowan, Lewis, and McGrory. Journalism students could profitably read Baker for instruction in paragraph-building and expeditious development—but, oh, please, not in the treatment of serious ideas. Baker has a mere shelf-ful or so of these, and when he tries to lay in a broader range of merchandise he merely looks silly.

One of Baker's pseudo-ideas is that the Pentagon has way too much money. Whatever your personal view of the matter, you'd suppose it important enough to deal with more or less factually. Baker deals with it flippantly.

He sees America engaged in "the eternal struggle to ensure every American the right to a future glistening with armaments." The Pentagon budget is "a treadmill to oblivion." So hilarious did Baker find proposals to confuse the Soviets by shuttling MX missiles around the country that he invented the MX Pentagon—a movable model with a fake Caspar Weinberger inside, shaking hands with a fake Ronald Reagan. Hundreds of these devices he shuttled, literarily, around the country, doubtless to the merriment of folk who think the Soviets about as dangerous as dragonflies.

On another occasion, Baker "woke up" to "find" that the Reagan Administration, eager to step up arms sales, had deposited an unordered tank at his door. (Baker is big on fantasy pieces, a penchant that once led my newspaper helpfully to label his column "A Fable for Today.") "Let's fire the Pentagon," counsels Baker. "Let's create a new outfit with enough moxie to take a third of the national treasure, create a war machine nasty enough to keep the Russians from casting lascivious eyes on Hoboken, and still have a little money left over to contribute to the Fireman's Ball." Gosh, Mr. B., y'mean that's all there is to it?

Happily, Baker isn't this ludicrous all the time. What he is mostly is cool, ironic, perpetually amused at his countrymen's foibles: which, nevertheless, he doesn't propose replacing with better foibles. With Baker, too often, mockery exists for its own sake.

To be sure, there is legitimate charm as well as raw cynicism in all this raillery. Baker has a discerning eye for latter-day pomposities, even as Mencken did. Rather an old-fashioned gent, in some ways, is Baker—thanks no doubt to the rural Virginia upbringing he celebrated in his successful memoir, *Growing Up*. He knows that weathermen will go on about wind-chill factors; yet he knows, too, that in the old days Uncle Bruce's "right smart o' wind" was perfectly adequate for ordinary meteorological purposes. He grieves for Clayton Moore, divested by smart-aleck lawyers of his Lone Ranger mask. He mourns the passing of real movie heroes, and their replacement by the modern kind who figuratively wink at the audience, as if to show they're always just laughing at "the kind of baloney old dad and mom

RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE MAY TITLES: In *Ivan the Terrible* (Dutton, $18.95), French historian Henri Troyat moves backward into a deeper, darker Russia than that of his *Tolstoy* and *Catherine the Great.* (Translation by Joan Pinkham.)

Arthur Sullivan: A Victorian Musician (Oxford, $25), by Arthur Jacobs, looks to be an excellent biography of a still popular but aesthetically under-rated composer, who set to the form of comic opera some very fine music indeed.

And Him with His Foot in His Mouth (Harper & Row, $15.95) is a collection of five stories by Saul Bellow, all more or less devoted to the "profound philosophical dissonance of modern life."

The Writer's Art (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $14.95), by James J. Kilpatrick and with a foreword by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., is an excellent guide to good writing.

Ted Humes's *A Guide to the Atlantic Wall and D-Day Beaches* (Corporate West, Inc., Phoenix, Ariz.; $4.95) is a useful contribution to the fortieth anniversary of the Invasion.

☐ SOME JUNE TITLES: *Selected Notebooks: 1960-1967* (Bruccoli-Clark, $12), by James Gould Cozzens and edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli, finds the novelist offering skeptical opinions about Joyce and Shakespeare, Jews and Catholics, modern architecture, and assorted other subjects. . . . *Ezra Pound and Dorothy Shakespear: Their Letters 1909-1914* (New Directions, $33.95) is an interesting volume consisting of two-hundred-odd letters, most of them not previously published, between Pound and his future wife, which throw much light on the poet and his circle in the early years of the Imagist movement in London.

John Ashbery's *A Wave* (Viking, $14.95) is the latest collection by one of the more controversial of contemporary American poets. —CW

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really took seriously back when they went to the Bijou on Saturday afternoon . . ."

A fair portion of Baker has no harm in it whatever, just good fun: like the delightful fantasy about holing up for 35 years to read Proust. Columns of this kind may have little substance; yet they make pleasant reading. At a minimum they are as good as anything else that currently passes for modern humor—and a lot more artfully executed. □

OUR OWN GAME

Jack D. Kirwan

The Fifth Generation, by Edward A. Feigenbaum and Pamela McCorduck (Addison-Wesley, 288 pp., $15.95)

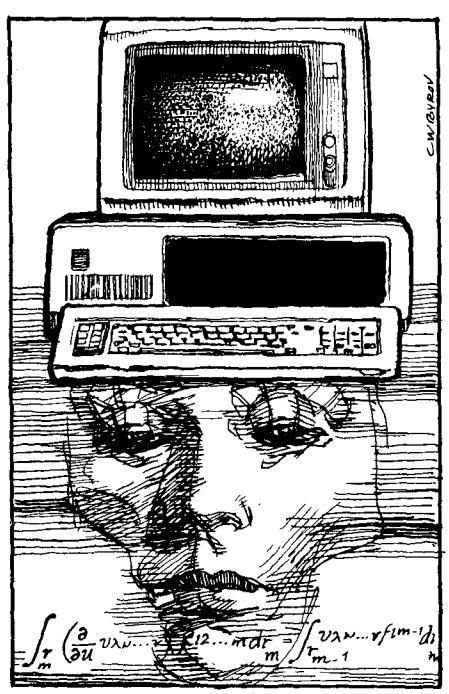
IT HAS been argued that every age is a revolutionary age; but in most cases the "revolution" is merely a new coat of paint over the old institution. Not so with technology. We are in the early stages of three major technological revolutions that are irrevocably changing the direction of human destiny. They are in the fields of the space program, biotechnology, and, *primus inter pares*, the computer. Indeed, without the computer, the other two would still be theory instead of reality.

Like the Old Testament patriarchs, the computer is known by its generations. The first, back in the Fifties, in the primitive age of vacuum tubes, consisted of room-sized operations with names like ENIAC and MANIAC that generated huge air-conditioning bills and bad sci-fi movies. Next came the transistor, then the integrated circuit computer, and, fourth, the very-large-scale integrated computer (VLSI). The third generation is now batting, with VLSI on deck. But the upcoming fifth generation is where the action will be. And, as the authors of *The Fifth Generation* make all too clear, the fifth generation may be born not in America or Europe, but in Japan.

The big difference is that the fifth generation is not just another step on the staircase of computer evolution—rather, it is like getting off the old staircase and getting on an express elevator. The fifth generation is a new thing entirely—a cornucopia of wealth and power for the society that produces it. It even has a new name: KIPS, an acronym for Knowledge Information Processing Systems.

But what makes this new generation so special? "It signals the shift from mere data processing, which is the way present-day computers function, to an *intelligent* processing of knowledge," say the authors. "These new machines are to be specifically designed for artificial-intelligence functions. . . . These will be computers that can learn, associate, make inferences, make decisions, and otherwise behave in ways we have always considered the exclusive province of human reason." The authors make a nice analogy between KIPS and scuba gear: Both take the human race where it couldn't go alone.

The implications of this concept are staggering. As the book points out, even such basic concepts as "wealth" have to be updated. To classical economists, the Wealth of Nations came from traditional sources of value (capital, labor, land). But today (and *The Fifth Generation* makes a compelling case) knowledge must be a major part of the equation. Just as whoever controls the oil controls the industrial world, whoever controls the knowledge and information will control the productive world. The essence of the book is how well the Japanese understand this fundamental truth. In less than twenty years, the Japanese plan not only to be *numero uno* in traditional computing, but to have a lock on the new knowledge industry. And anyone



who doubts this is a very distinct possibility should take a crash course in the recent history of automobiles and consumer electronics. And guess who first invented *those* technologies?

The Fifth Generation is an important, disturbing book. It is not a "furriners are gonna git us" scare manual, but a well-written (for the lay reader, not just the specialist) and clearly documented account of what is already happening . . . and not happening. Unless corrective action is taken quickly, we may be more dependent on the Japanese for knowledge in the 1990s than we ever were on OPEC for oil. And nowadays, even a little bit of knowledge goes a long way—remember what the Israelis did to the Syrian air force a couple of years ago because their equipment was ever so slightly better (79 to 0 was the final score).

It is impossible to examine all the points Feigenbaum (a professor of computer science at Stanford) and Miss McCorduck (a frequent writer on artificial intelligence) cover. Their book is no more "just about computers" than *Moby Dick* is "just about whaling." *The Fifth Generation* is a mine of valuable information on futurism, technology, Japan, Great Britain (the chapter title "There Always Was an England" tells it all), national policy, and information theory (made understandable but not simplistic). However, their teeth sink deepest when talking about anti-intellectualism in America.

This is *not*, however, the stale old stuff about the failure of the philistines and the bourgeois in general to understand and appreciate the sensitive, artistic intellectuals, etc. Rather, it is about the blindness of the professional intellectuals, who to a great extent have ignored the technical ferment and innovations remaking our society. The authors compare these intellectuals to Madame Ranevskaya in Chekhov's play *The Cherry Orchard*: ". . . they live in a dream world, irresponsible and whimsical, served by faithful old retainers (in the form of periodicals that are high in brow, even higher in self-importance, but low in circulation) that shamelessly pander to their illusions." With a few honorable exceptions (Michener for one), this pretty much describes the liberal establishment viewpoint. After all, it wasn't the right-wing thinkers who ignored the space program while raving about the "great truths" in Castaneda and other prophets

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of the irrational. Nor should one forget the bias of many clergymen (and not just fundamentalists) against science and high-tech R&D.

If the book has a flaw, it is the assumption that "rational planning" by the government is desirable and probably necessary if we are to beat the Japanese at our own game. A better case can be made (as with space exploration and development) for the proposition that the best thing the government could do is to remove the shackles from private industry and get the hell out of the way. But this is a minor caveat. When a book has so much good ointment, an ideological fly can be overlooked.

"The essence of the computer revolution," say Feigenbaum and McCorduck, "is that the burden of producing the future knowledge of the world will be transferred from human heads to machine artifacts." That this will happen is inevitable. That the machine artifacts must be Made in Japan is entirely evitable—but not if we insist on doing business as usual. □

FILM

BETWEEN TWO NONWORLDS

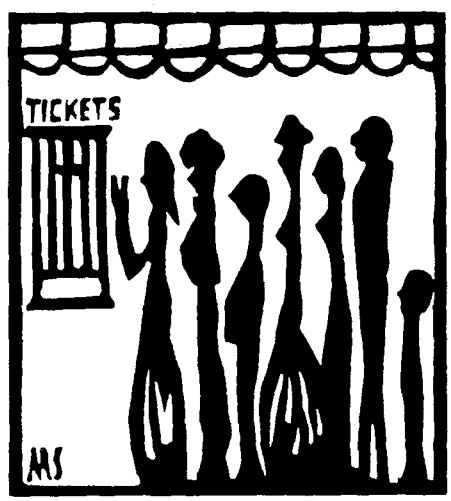
John Simon

AND NOW we have a revisionist Tarzan. Hugh Hudson, the TV-commercial director who rose to cinematic fame with the handsome but hollow *Chariots of Fire*, is back with *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*. Out of that much title you should be able to get three separate movies, and the film indeed feels like two or three different movies cut up and tossed together, let the clips fall where they may. The script is by P. H. Vazak—a pseudonym for Robert Towne, the original writer, an American—and Michael Austin, presumably an Englishman and palpably ineffectual.

Towne is known chiefly for *Chinatown*, an updated *film noir*—which is to say *The Big Sleep* with extra sex and significance—and here he seems to have aimed at showing that nature, though red in tooth and claw, is still preferable to true blue Old England, i.e., civilization, which is not only cruel but also mean-spirited and hypocritical and socially unjust. What the finished film is saying, however, is not readily scrutable, partly because too many cooks may have cooked its goose, and partly because it was obviously a much longer film cut down to something that, though still lengthy, has lost its continuity and coherence.

Silly as the old Tarzan movies were, they made good cartoon sense. By annexing Jane and begetting Boy, Tarzan had in his jungle the best of both possible worlds, and Maureen O'Sullivan even got to wear some nice Western footgear to protect her feet from Nature. This new Tarzan, who, except in the film's title, is never referred to as Tarzan, and whose attempt to make it in civilization as Lord Greystoke fails, ends up as a doubtless riven being back in the jungle, where he is condemned to celibacy or to mate with a primate. As, in the end, he rejoins the apes while Jane sadly heads back for England, Captain D'Arnot, the Belgian *raisonneur*, expresses the pious wish, "I hope the world will turn in their favor and that one day, somehow, they'll find each other again." I doubt whether the world could turn that radically, or I take a sequel to *Greystoke*.

There is nothing more misbegotten than the attempt to turn a comic strip into serious, philosophical drama. Trying to show us in realistic terms how, after a she-ape who lost her baby adopts the orphaned John Clayton, Lord Greystoke to be (dare I call him Tarzan?), the child grows into a boy, and the boy into a young man among the simians, is rather like trying to turn *Popeye the Sailor* into a quasi-documentary about the American Navy. And trying to wrest a tragic tale from the Tarzan story—about a man torn between two worlds—is like trying to turn Popeye the Sailor into the Flying Dutchman.



And what realism? The pygmies with their poison darts are realistic enough, but why does the good guy survive them, while the others are instantly killed? And what sort of apes are these: Though too big and too ferocious for chimpanzees, which they look like, they can't be gorillas either, whose size they are, because they don't look like them and are carnivorous. They must be *2001* apes, then, with men inside them (from evolution to involution?), and they put on some darling monkeyshines, but who can keep them apart: which ape is good and which bad, which is what relation to Tarzan, and which is saying what in what appears to be ape language? Once I am confronted with such problems, and with realistically violent deaths, I can no longer take hokum as hokum—yet I'll be damned if I take it as a comment on life, let alone as art.

And then the discrepancies in the screenplay and lacunae in the released film! When Tarzan and his Belgian mentor, D'Arnot, arrive out of nowhere and enter a dingy hotel somewhere in the heart of darkness, the place is full of lowering characters and fraught with menace, but absolutely nothing comes of this. In Greystoke Hall, an idiot boy, Willy, is all over the place, even in the drawing room; but although the Sixth Earl of Greystoke, Tarzan's grandfather, makes some vague reference to him, his identity and freedom of access are never explained. Tarzan has learned not one but two languages from D'Arnot (English and French), yet he never gets to say much in either of them to anyone, not even to Jane. In the last scene we are back in Tarzan's jungle, yet it might as well be Hyde Park: Tarzan, Jane, and D'Arnot are wearing their best city clothes, and there are no tents or bearers or anyone or anything around—could the trio have been dropped by a helicopter?

And how confused it all is ideologically! The jungle is savage, yet society is supposed to be worse. But why, then, is the eccentric grandfather (superbly played by Ralph Richardson in his last movie role) so delightful, and why is Jane Porter, his American

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grandniece, so delicious? Surely we are not meant to think that, because he wears his hair long, grandfather is an ape, or that America is not really civilization? Things, it seems, are equally bad everywhere, with good guys and good apes perishing all around Tarzan in both worlds, leaving him crooning his strangulated animal dirge as he crouches over and clutches an assortment of dear corpses. Could this be a nihilistic Tarzan?

There is, however, marvelous cinematography by John Alcott, even if Africa looks too pretty at times, and Britain too majestic. (Did Hudson have to shoot Greystoke at three of Albion's stateliest homes, including Blenheim Palace? Given his grandiloquence, yes.) There is, I repeat, Richardson in a prodigally pawky and quizzical performance that is also full of innocent sweetness; there is Ian Holm making D'Arnot virtuous yet unboring; and there are all those manned apes, coached and choreographed to perfection. But, alas, Tarzan is played by Christopher Lambert, a manifestly humorless Frenchman whose face is all rigid verticals and horizontals—his brow could be used as a carpenter's level—and nary a curved line anywhere; his expressions range from the sullen to the suffering. And Jane is that horse-faced, pseudo-sultry Calvin Klein jeans model Andie MacDowell, who cannot act and cannot even read lines; she had to be dubbed by Glenn Close. The film is too cruel for children and too pretentious and flat for adults; its ideal audience might be apes.

APES WOULD also do very nicely for *Moscow on the Hudson*, Paul Mazursky's extraordinarily tasteless, factitious, unwitty, and, I'm afraid, mindless film. Written by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos (who also collaborated on the dreadful *Tempest*), this is the story of a Russian circus musician who, when the circus plays New York, defects in Bloomingdale's, goes to live with a black floorwalker and his family in Harlem, slowly works his way up in the Big Apple despite a few setbacks (such as being mugged outside his East Village apartment), and romances successfully an Italian salesgirl with ambitions, whom he met cute at Bloomingdale's during his hectic defection.

America, even if it has rough moments, is promises, and the promises are kept. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, is all stupid brutality, but stupid *comic* brutality on the order of *Ninotchka* and *Comrade X*. The essence of *Moscow on the Hudson* is to be found in the naturalization sequence, where a kindly but firm black female judge leads the cutest cross-section of new-minted Americans in the oath of allegiance, and the entire scene is a cross between an operetta and a recruiting poster. The film, in fact, is as primitive, sentimental, and tendentious as a Russian film about an American defecting to the Soviets would be, *mutatis mutandis*.

Robin Williams has learned to speak his Russian dialogue well, and has learned no less well to play, or seem to play, the saxophone. Now he needs only to learn how to act. As it is, he walks through the film with an expression of coagulated benevolence and utters not so much words as Hershey bars. As his Italian sweetheart, Maria Conchita Alonso is all phony cuteness and phony temperament, and acts even less professionally than Williams. Some of the supporting roles are well enough played, but Mazursky's sentimentality spoils everything it touches—even the moments of supposed toughness veer into saccharine—so that if the actors can survive Mazursky the writer, they succumb to Mazursky the director. The sole redeeming feature is the cinematography of the splendid Australian cameraman Don McAlpine (the cinematographer also on *Tempest*), who, however, is now billed as Donald McAlpine. Could Mazursky's pretentiousness have gotten to him, too? □

DELECTATIONS

KOSHER DRY

Nika Hazelton

AN INTERESTING development in the gastronomic world is the emergence of kosher wines that are totally unlike the thick, sweet wines traditionally used by Jews on religious occasions. The new kosher wines are of a number of well-known varieties—including Soave, Valpolicella, Beaujolais, Bordeaux, and Gewürztraminer—and they are good, dry, reasonably priced wines whose appeal is not confined to a religious public.

This development is typical of the changes in taste that have taken place in our nation over the last few years. The consumption of beef, eggs, and milk is down; fresh vegetables are now favored over canned ones; and, in wines and beers, dry has triumphed over sweet. (Let us remember, however, that in 1983, McDonald's sales were up $800 million from the previous year.) Whereas the change in our food preferences is largely due to a concern with health, the new vogue for dry wines is perhaps more taste-related.

"Kosher," which can be translated as "fit" or "proper," means that a product has been prepared in strict accordance with the Jewish dietary laws under rabbinical supervision. What struck me as interesting is that any wine can be made in a strictly kosher way; like so many of us, I was laboring under the impression that the only kosher wine was that very sweet, lush brew made from Concord and similar grapes, most of it produced in New York State. When one thinks about it, it is obvious that kosher wines have been made for centuries in Europe, in accordance with local tastes. But until recently, these have never been successful, or even well known, in the United States, in spite of attempts to popularize them.

According to Joseph Stern, an official of the Royal Kedem Wine Corporation, the growing popularity of non-sweet kosher wines is due to the change in tastes, especially among younger people, and to a renewed interest in tradition among practicing Jews. The Monarch Wine Company, which makes the traditional Manischewitz sweet wines, now also offers a basic blended red Burgundy at $3, and a basic white Chablis at the same price. The Kedem

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line, however, is much larger and consists of a very fine selection of imported European and Israeli wines, including a red Bordeaux Château Le Pin ($6.19), a Gewürztraminer from Alsace ($6.49), and an Israeli Sauvignon Blanc ($6.19), to mention just a few representatives of its comprehensive line of kosher wines and spirits. I was also interested to learn that Mr. Stern foresaw the change in tastes about a dozen years ago, when he started importing kosher Bordeaux. The Kedem wines made from hybrid grapes such as Seyval Blanc and De Chaunac were charming, I thought, in the tradition of the best New York State non-kosher hybrids. (I am sorry that I cannot appreciate the traditional Kedem kosher wines made from native grapes such as Delaware and Catawba, but the fact is that I simply do not like the flavor of those grapes, either in nature or fermented, my tastes being for the dry.)

Some very good dry wines from Israel are imported by the Carmel Wine Company, which markets them under the Carmel label. Carmel is indebted to Baron Edmond de Rothschild, owner of the famous *grand cru* Château Lafite-Rothschild in Bordeaux, who in 1882 sent vines from his vineyard to Israel, where, since antiquity, the wine industry had been developed in a more or less haphazard way and largely for religious purposes. The finest Carmel wines, and they are very good indeed, are the Special Reserve Cabernet Sauvignons, and the Sauvignon Blanc and Chenin Blanc, which both retail for about $3. I had the 1976 Cabernet Sauvignon Cabinet Reserve, well worth its price of $14. All the dry Carmel wines are vintage-dated, although I've been told there is not a great deal of difference in quality from one vintage year to the next.

Schapiro's Wine Company, Manhattan's only working winery, which has been in the business since 1899, sells 32 varieties of wine, including a new line of dry imported French and Italian wines, among them a big, robust 1981 Gigondas from the Côtes du Rhone ($7.50), and pleasant dry Soaves and Valpolicellas ($4.39). For anybody

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

KLAUS MEHNERT'S *The Russians & Their Favorite Books* (Hoover Institution, Stanford University, Stanford, Calif. 94305; $19.95) is based on the perception that, at a certain level anyway, you are what you read. Mehnert, a Moscow-born journalist and scholar whose German parents left Russia when the First World War started in 1914 and whose affection for the Russian people is matched by his disaffection from the government that rules them, spent three months in 1981, '82, and '83 traveling in the USSR and "pestering" its citizens with questions about their literary tastes and preferences. Some of his interviewees were people who read simply for pleasure; others were collectors of books; still others were librarians and bookstore owners and employees.

Mehnert's "methodology" is hardly one that would be approved by George Gallup; it was, in the extreme, unsystematic and random. Nevertheless, his three-month search provided him with a list of 111 novels by 24 authors that, in the absence of best-seller lists in the Soviet Union, he deemed "most popular." (As print runs in the USSR are, like everything else, a matter of political and bureaucratic decision, the "popularity" of a given book by no means ensures its availability; in fact, the more popular a title the less available it is likely to be.) Mehnert's analyses of his findings do indeed, as he says, provide "surprises." They also vindicate his intuition that what a people reads throws a strong light on the society it constitutes, as well as on its political system.

To begin with, it may be news that since the 1960s the Soviet Union has experienced a "reading boom," as *Literaturnaya Gazeta* called it. Mehnert ascribes this development to the success of the government's literacy program and to improvements in the general prosperity of the country, which have assured more and better housing (therefore greater privacy) and more discretionary income, which may be spent on luxuries such as books. The government has been quick to take pride in the fact, boasting that the USSR has become "the most book-reading country in the world."

AND WHAT it reads must come as a surprise to Westerners, accustomed as they are to equating present-day Soviet literature with dissident literature. Not a single one of the 24 novelists mentioned here was familiar to me, and yet among them, Mehnert insists, are to be found great writers, of a stature equal to that of their most distinguished Western contemporaries, as well as of colleagues who have either chosen exile from the Motherland or had exile forced upon them.

Mehnert's findings point up startling similarities between Russian literary tastes and Western ones, as well as equally startling discrepancies. The dictates of "socialist realism," manufactured in the Thirties, have gone by the board: The most popular Soviet fiction of today is strongly informed by a bourgeois nostalgia, much of it inspired by the image of the pre-industrial village or by the Second World War (which, Mehnert believes, the Russians see as the occasion of the USSR's most memorable and undisputed feats). In the literature of the village a powerful environmental strain is detectable, together with a regret for a simpler and more natural past; in that of Siberia (three of Mehnert's 24 authors are of Siberian birth) the appeal is to a growing enthusiasm for the rugged adventure of a vast and wide-open country offering terrific extremes and wider freedoms—a striking analogy to the almost worldwide infatuation with the literature of the American West. Science fiction is a burgeoning genre, apparently for the same reasons as in Western countries, and the detective novel has overcome the prejudices of a "crimeless" society. The censors for the most part are content if the authors show a patriotic mien, and do not require that a novel read like a thinly disguised civics text. Obviously the Soviet bourgeoisie has come of age.

It has done so, however, on the authorities' terms. Although many of the authors Mehnert considers are willing at times to criticize existing conditions, none of them advocates reform. His conclusion, based on a close reading of their books, is that "no fundamental change in the USSR can be expected for quite some time." □

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wanting to while away a Sunday afternoon (from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.), I recommend a visit to the winery's cellars, which offer a free tasting tour (visitors under 19 years of age are invited to taste pure Concord grape juice). The address is 126 Rivington Street, near Essex in downtown Manhattan. And in California's Napa Valley there is Hagafen, California's only full-service kosher winery, which makes premium wines, or fancier wines than the ordinary California wines. Alas, Hagafen does not make large quantities of wine as yet, so it may be difficult to get its wines outside the state.

All of this made me wonder what really makes a wine kosher, besides the supervision of a rabbi, and after some research I discovered that the grapes themselves must be produced according to ancient Biblical laws, which include: that no other crops be planted between the vines; that the grapes not be harvested until the fourth year after planting; that every seventh year the vines and soil must rest and remain untouched for one entire year; that 10 per cent of each harvest must be set aside for the poor and needy; that the wine must be touched by fire (usually accomplished by a flash heating process that does not affect the wine's development); that all wine-making procedures must be supervised by a qualified Orthodox rabbi.

The ultra-religious demand that the grapes be nurtured, from planting to vinification, only by Sabbath-observing Orthodox Jews. (In California, Kedem takes over a whole winery, which is scrubbed and sterilized in every detail.) I have heard it said that these laws, which are agricultural, apply rather to the primitive agriculture of the days when the laws were set forth in Exodus and other books of the Bible; and I also have heard that very orthodox Jews will not have their wine poured by less orthodox believers. In other words, I have not been able to find a monolithic codification of the laws concerning the kosher producing of wine. But that is another story; in the meantime, many of the dry kosher wines make excellent, reasonably priced drinking for everybody. □

THE GIMLET EYE

MARRYING UP

D. Keith Mano

"ALL RIGHT. Who here would marry just anyone, sight unseen, for $10 million?" No hands. "Twenty million? Well, what should I raise the ante to?"

We are 19 women who would be Becky Sharp, plus four novice Julien Sorels. Not a silver-punch-spoon group. For some of these women, I suspect, any marriage would be UP. And me, well . . . I glance down and realize that the entire tip of my left shoe sole has come loose, flapping. If I try to step up in class, I'll probably take a dry half-gainer.

Joanna Steichen, our Sherpa on this social climb, has just published a hot how-to called *Marrying Up* (Rawson Press). She's bright as flash-pots. And tough. "You have a lot of research to do, a lot of orientation. This is a full-time extracurricular job." Yet, you note, no one has sold out completely: we've still got a last love handle on romance. Marry somebody sight unseen for $20 million? Not us. (In fact, I'd like to meet the person who could be $20 million worth of unattractive. That's high-bracket ugly.) "Suppose he picks his nose at the table and is awful in bed. Would that become tolerable if he had $20 million?" The women look thoughtful. Actually, I don't mind conniving people. A good connive requires intelligence and drive at least. The *Playboy* centerfold is forever saying, "I hate phony men." Yah, but there are genuine phonies, too. A full moral commitment to deceit is rather winning and, well, certainly *real.*

JS (she addresses a large, yellowing female fashion consultant): What sort of lifestyle do you want?

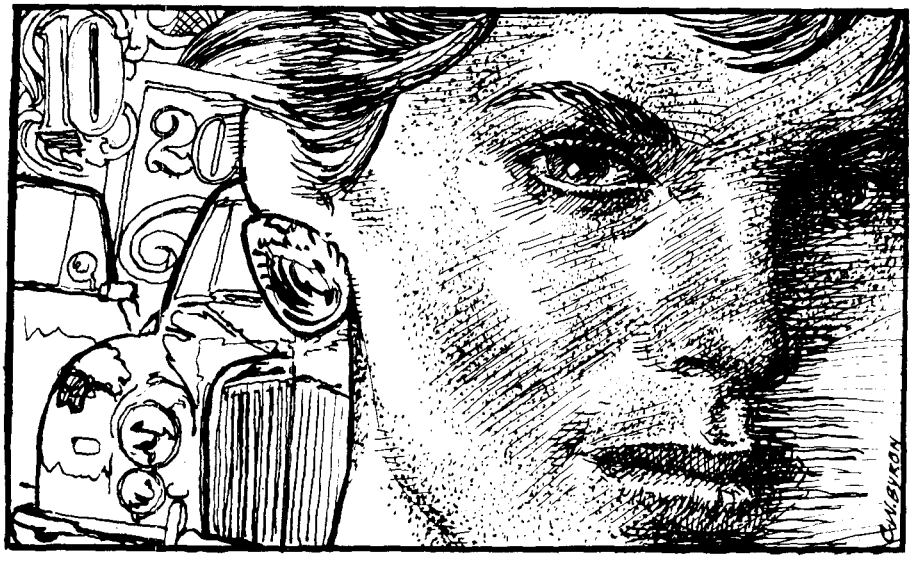
LYFFC: House in the country. Apartment in the city. Polo ponies and all that.

JS: How much can you get for yourself?

LYFFC: I don't know. I sort of expected someone else to get it for me.

JS: Well, you better sit down and price your lifestyle. What do you need for the chauffeur and the crocodile shoes and the snow-bellied natural lynx coat? And remember there is something that we women of a certain age have to face. The prospects aren't the same for us. Unfortunately you get fussier when you can less afford to be fussy. What I'm trying to do is get you to be specific about your ideals and fantasies. Understood, the fantasy, as is, will *not* come true. But you have to take on some of the thought, manner, language of those people with whom you want to associate.

The moneyed, though, don't grow on trees. Try worshipping up: Eye of the Needle Unreformed Tabernacle on Madison Avenue maybe. "Choose a church with social outreach, not one with self-help programs." Get sick in the right place; wealth prefers a private teaching hospital. And volunteer, volunteer. "They're on the boards of every museum, orchestra, ballet, and historical preservation society." Then be indispensable. "I know a woman who can tell you where to match your ten-year-old purple towels in New Jersey. A mine of frivolous, peripheral information. It makes her enormously valuable to wealthy, fussy hostesses." Keep an eye flayed for the glum rich:



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upper-class misery will more often love your company. They tend to choose a wife outside their social class from spite—either because they can't hack the competition or because mater and pater treated them like fishmeal. "And don't misjudge your talent. You may want to be valued for sparkling wit, when in fact it is dependability you have to offer." Try to pick off the Defective Child. Perhaps some scion with a recent brain-weave or spontaneous fecula. Don't forget the old. Unregistered nursing could pay: push a wheelchair all the way to his bank. "You mean you want money *and* love?"

Gold-digging requires pick-axe work and a powerful smelter. It isn't easy. Let me write the problem up personal-ad style: "Power, fame, and cash seeks same, matrimony in mind." I mean, guess whom Michael Jackson has been seen dating? Right, Brooke Shields. When you attain that sort of success amplitude even the stolid prejudice against miscegenation will pack a cardboard suitcase and leave. Jackson has, in effect, sung himself white. But hard as fortune-hunting the elusive rich may be, it is somewhat more dignified than a singles-bar grope. "The atmosphere there can be so desperate. We all tend to confer our own disabilities on everyone else. Must-be-something-wrong-with-him-too." What JS supplies is a concept we've mingled with before in this column—networking. You pearl-string together couples, other women, volunteer organizations, church altar guild. "A woman has to give five parties for each one she's invited to. Have some nerve. Call powerful man X and invite him to meet powerful man Y at your house. When you've got X, call Y and invite him to meet X." You don't seduce a rich husband, a rich wife head-on. First you socially gang-bang their entire acquaintance.

This all may sound cynical as tent shows. I think it a positive trend. JS will remind us: "Throughout history marriage has been based on arrangements for property, establishing the rights of progeny, the joint wealth of families. Marriage for romantic love was a fantasy that—in past literature—usually ended in tragedy." Rock 'n' roll lyric love is—if not materialistic—often more self-indulgent than some wise matching for talent, cash, temperament. The Me Decade was also a You-as-a-part-of-me Decade. Love, most frequently sensual (though environment love, peace love, income-redistribution love had their say), tended to override more mundane considerations like law, work, parental and social obligation. But marriage that has just post-teen passion for collateral is diminishing term insurance, not whole life. The sacrament was always, yes, a contract: to honor, to pool, to nurture children, to invest time and labor in shared enterprise. After some while the ground might not move underneath when you touch him. But who can stand living night and day in an earthquake, anyhow? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Southern Gates of Arabia, by Freya Stark (J. P. Tarcher, 328 pp., $9.95)

YEMEN IN 1935, two thousand years after the heyday of the incense trade, languished in the depths of poverty and ignorance. Along the old trade route—scarcely a dirt track—potentates waged war on one another's dried-mud cities for reasons half forgotten. Bedouins ranged the desert between, plundering pilgrims who were traveling in search of blessings at the tombs of minor saints. Men wore rags about their middles, and over the rest of their naked selves a smear of indigo. Layers of black cloaked women from head to foot. People shunned soap, thinking the scent weakened their lungs. To unlock the door at night you had to cry, "Slave, O slave!" Dates and goat cheese eaten from trays on the floor, and sweet tea drunk from thimble cups, sustained life of a sort. Into this menagerie trooped Dame Freya Stark in flowery dress and beach hat. She was an instant hit. Fluent Arabic gained her entry to the inmost harems of the nobility and won her the admiration of Bedouin guides. In the grip of a host of dizzying ailments, traveling by donkey from town to town, Dame Freya was preserved by a near-miraculous optimism. Through thick and thin she scribbled notes. This book, a reprint, contains those notes and the thoughts they gave rise to as she transcribed them back in England. She gives detailed descriptions of landscape, flora, architecture, and customs in eccentrically crafted sentences that themselves embody a philosophical view requiring no elaboration. To these she adds concise afterthoughts, rooting her flights of unnatural optimism firmly to earth, or, elsewhere, sending accounts of mundane things aloft like birds. She has just enumerated the dusty contents of a sultan's guest house in the coastal city of Mukalla and laid herself to bed amid cigarette butts and scurrying mice when, she writes, "A dim little feeling came curling up through my sleepy senses; I wondered for a second what it might be before I recognized it: It was Happiness, pure and immaterial; independent of affections and emotions, the ethereal essence of happiness, a delight so rare and so impersonal that it seems scarcely terrestrial when it comes." Freya Stark travels as travel writers should: with mind open, receptive to nuance, tolerant of squalor, prepared to admit the unlikely to the realm of the treasured.

PAUL T. HORNAK

A Matter of Consequences, by B. F. Skinner (Knopf, 441 pp., $19.95)

A MATTER OF CONSEQUENCES, the concluding volume of behaviorist B. F. Skinner's autobiographical trilogy, begins with Dr. Skinner's return to Harvard as a member of the psychology faculty a few months after the publication of *Walden Two*, and carries his story forward to the present day. "I don't know any American psychologist today with whom I feel a deeper philosophical disagreement," Carl Rogers once told the father of behaviorism, "but I have a hearty and general respect for you because you are forthright and honest in stating your views." Readers of *A Matter of Consequences*, even those who unequivocally repudiate B. F. Skinner's controversial doctrine of radical behaviorism, are likely to agree. Dr. Skinner recounts his growing estrangement from the mainstream of current psychological thought with chilly detachment; in attempting to "report my life *as it was lived*," he has given us an invaluable look into the intellectual development of a career virtually unmatched in its influence on the field of psychology. Though B. F. Skinner emerges from the later pages of his fascinating autobiography as an oddly cold and narrow-minded man unable to see beyond the limitations of his original insights, he nevertheless impresses with his unfailing honesty and courage.

TERRY TEACHOUT

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ROSETT
(Continued from page 28)

Pinochet, meanwhile, declared his continuing dedication to the free-market program, but his actions suggested that something rather different was going on. For the first time since he had taken office, he raised tariffs—in fact, he doubled them, to roughly 20 per cent. He launched a number of public-works programs, such as road building and housing construction, which offered temporary relief to a few but represented a move toward the financial favors Chilean politicians had traditionally dispensed in exchange for support.

TODAY, CHILE'S economy still bears more of a free-market stamp than it did for decades before Pinochet, but it has some deep problems. The government controls a large fraction of domestic credit, thanks to the bank bailouts, and is involved in the management of many private firms whose productive assets would otherwise be tied up in bankruptcy courts. The leaders of the old economic team have all been dismissed from the government, although some Chicago Boys remain in less visible, less influential positions. Pinochet recently dismissed his last free-market-oriented finance minister, Carlos Caceres (one of the two Chilean members of the Mont Pelerin Society), and replaced him with Luis Escobar, an old-line statist who favors government housing construction as a means of stimulating the economy.

Where the country is going now is not clear. Riots have started again with the beginning of the autumn school term, as the southern hemisphere heads into winter. About the only safe prediction is that there will be no major free-market reforms in the near future. The Chicago Boys are, as the Chileans say, "*muy deprestigiado*"—very much without prestige.

To sum up, what were the specific policy errors that laid low the Chilean economy? There were three, and they exacerbated each other: the fixed exchange rate, the wage floor in the 1979 labor law, and the failure to acknowledge the implicit state guarantee of private bank debt. These errors were aggravated also by world recession, with high interest rates and low copper prices, and by a rise in the value of the dollar. Adding to these problems, finally, was the confusion in the government, as Pinochet cast loose from the philosophy he had supported since 1975 and began, as one Chilean put it, simply to react to the immediate situation instead of looking at the long-run picture. The government's reactions were often too late, and sometimes offered the wrong incentives—take, for example, the inadequacy of the initial devaluation, the policy of bailing out banks in full in the early days of the crisis, and the revolving-door whirl of new finance ministers through the cabinet.

But the three basic errors were not free-market policies, and there is no reason they should be unavoidable in an attempt to set up a free-market economy in a developing country, or even specifically in Chile. A viable economic system takes time to develop, and anyone who followed Allende would have been building on a financial rubble heap. The Chicago Boys managed to put in place a framework for economic development that has worked again and again around the world, and the country was responding well.

There is a lesson here. In 1975, when Finance Minister Jorge Cauas gave a television speech announcing the start of the Chicago Boys' program, he said something that echoes ironically today: "Those things called economic miracles are not such. They come only as the result of work and investment in the framework of a coherent economic policy." The question in Chile is not whether the coherent policy Cauas spoke of can succeed, but whether it can survive. If the economic program of the Chicago Boys is not warped beyond recognition, the day may yet arrive when prosperity in Chile will be seen not as a matter of miracle, but as a matter of course. □

BOZELL
(Continued from page 33)

crack down, and by 1956 the Church considered it a blessing that the regime formally agreed to permit religion classes on a voluntary basis. (The then-Primate, Stefan Wyszynski, told Polish parents that "although at present religious instruction in schools is elective, for you and your children, however, it is mandatory, because it is binding on the Catholic conscience." Cardinal Wyszynski had just returned from exile—thanks in part, it would seem, to a mammoth demonstration at Czestochowa.)

In 1961, religious teaching was driven out of Polish schools altogether, and thereafter was confined to church buildings (under relentless harassment) and homes. The same year, it seems, saw the school crucifixes brought down. They were reportedly raised again when Solidarity reached its zenith in 1980.

Jaruzelski's suspension—if that is what it is—of the war of the crucifixes will not end Poland's Way of the Cross. It seems now that nothing this side of a conversion of the Soviet Union will do that. But most Poles today, inspired no doubt by the Polish Pope, live for goals higher than national liberation. They are Christians first, and the suffering Christ on the cross (not an empty cross) is *their* suffering. And just as the purpose of His suffering is the Redemption of mankind, so theirs can be joined in that work. This Redemption, however, is not just for the faithful; it is intended, John Paul II has insisted, for *all* men—Communists, American secularists, whoever. Which is why Poland still has lands to conquer.

I am not a Polish expert, certainly,* but I have been around enough to know that most people, healthy or sick, try to elevate their suffering. It seems to be the historical good fortune of the Polish people, who have suffered more than most, always to have handy this ugly stick on which the naked God-man hung for his last picture—and in some sense will go on hanging until the end of the world. It invites Christians to raise up and join their puny sufferings to His. It promises them that they can lose everything, but never lose the offensive—not in Poland, not even in America. □

*I want to give special acknowledgment to one of the Polish authorities I have leaned on. Dr. Peter Siekanowicz was a senior judge of a Polish appellate court before the Nazis invaded in 1939. Exile eventually carried him to the United States, where he wrote the excellent essays *Church and State in Poland* in 1964 and *Christianity and Law in Poland: A Thousand Years* in 1966.

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THE JORDAN QUESTION REVISITED

NEW YORK, MAY 4

A FEW WEEKS AGO when King Hussein of Jordan blasted United States policy in the Mideast, concentrating on our toleration of the gradual annexation of the West Bank by Israel, I wrote substantially agreeing with Hussein's principal point. The result has been letters of protest, some of them scholarly, and one from a renowned academician whom I greatly admire, Professor Harry V. Jaffa, of Claremont Men's College. The issues are worth revisiting.

Hussein had said, "We see things this way: Israel is on our land." I commented: This is substantially true, as witness Resolution 242 of the Security Council and, "with this, that, and the other qualification," the Camp David Accords.

In 1948, Jordan annexed the West Bank. The whole of the combined area had been separated from territory on the Israeli side of the Jordan River by the British in 1922. The UN demarcation of 1947 did not grant the West Bank to Israel, which first occupied the West Bank as late as 1967 when it triumphed over Jordan and Egypt in the Six-Day War.

Now, the question of the legality of Jordan's annexation of the West Bank in 1948 invites that dreary archaeology of who-owns-what that, as Professor Jaffa concedes, has, in the hands of fundamentalists, Mexicans "re-entering" Mexico when they move into Arizona or California. It can be maintained, by historical purists, that the West Bank is not Jordan's, but to say that for that reason the West Bank is Israel's requires Biblical fundamentalism, and a greater obedience to Biblical geography than is generally given to Biblical morality.

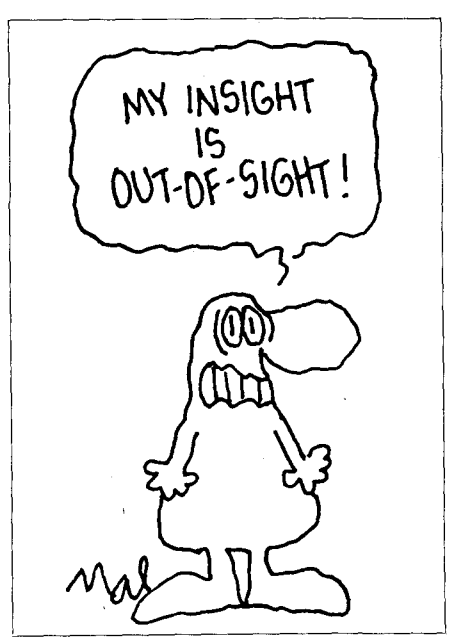
The point to stress, surely, is: What has Israel agreed to in two documents: Resolution 242 in 1967, and the Camp David Accords?

Clause 1 (i) of Resolution 242 reads: "[The fulfillment of Charter principles requires] withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from territories occupied in the recent conflict."

Provision I (a) of the Camp David Accords reads that Israel agrees that "in order to ensure a peaceful and orderly transfer of authority," i.e., from Israel to another government, "there should be transitional arrangements for the West Bank . . . [and] Gaza for a period not exceeding five years. In order to provide full autonomy to the inhabitants, under these arrangements the Israeli military government and its civilian administration will be withdrawn as soon as a self-governing authority has been freely elected by the inhabitants of these areas . . ."

Ninety-six per cent of the population of the West Bank is Arab. It follows that self-rule for the West Bank would mean rule other than by Israel, which in fact is exercising authority over the West Bank six years after the signing of the Camp David Accords.

Now, Professor Jaffa makes several points, among them: 1) Jordan's historical title to the West Bank is insecure; to which the answer is: That is irrelevant to the obligations of Israel under agreements signed by Israel. 2) Israel saved Hussein's life in 1970. True and irrelevant. 3) Hussein is a Hashemite and scorns Palestinians, and ruled miserably and profanely when he had de facto authority over the West Bank and East Jerusalem. True and irrelevant. 4) A guarantee of Israeli security by the United States is as reliable as our guarantee of Vietnamese security. A good point, but a point Begin had plenty of time to reflect upon before he signed the Camp David Accords. And finally, 5) Israel's evacuation of the West Bank cannot be done without reference to Israel's own security. This point—that Israel is correctly concerned with the primary responsibility of its own security—was not challenged in this space. Indeed several times in the past I have argued that only a demilitarized West Bank, on the order of a demilitarized Austria, can be responsibly created by Israel.



So where are we? The whole world understood Resolution 242 and Camp David as signaling Israel's agreement to vacate the occupied territories. The annexation of the Golan Heights violated Camp David, but the maneuver was so obviously related to Israeli security as not to challenge the moral conscience of Israel's well-wishers. What is now going on, however, does this exactly. Because the ruling party of Israel is in effect engaged in colonizing an area of the world to which twice it agreed to grant conditional sovereignty. Given that Israel is an enclave of Western-minded morality in a hostile sea, it should look after its safety not only by keeping its powder dry, but by maintaining its moral prestige. It is this that it is risking. □

BACK TO NICARAGUA

NEW YORK, MAY 9

IF YOU ARE looking for a handy way to curb the population explosion, try the death penalty for anyone who says: "Do you believe that the end justifies the means?" I was a schoolboy when a professor of philosophy, overhearing this logical barbarism, announced that he would leave the room if ever he heard it again. The proper formulation, he told us, is: "Do you believe that the end justifies any means?" It is just this simple: Ordinarily, you would not push violently an old lady, steal a piece of bread, or fire a gun into the face of a human being. But each of these things you would do if a) the old lady would otherwise be hit by a bus; b) your child would die of hunger; c) the human being would plunge his knife into your heart. What you would not do, if you agree that the end does not justify any means, is fire a gun at the bus driver as the alternative to pushing the old lady out of the way; shoot the baker for putting a price on a

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loaf of bread; trigger fusillade fire at a row of people knowing that one of the bullets will nail your assailant.

But sure enough, there was Sam Donaldson of ABC, who unhappily had no contact with the professor in question and did not learn the distinction osmotically, saying to Henry Kissinger on the David Brinkley show: So you believe that the end justifies the means?

Henry Kissinger spent half his life teaching, and he was under some strain to remember that he should not deal with Sam Donaldson as he would have dealt with a freshman at Harvard. So he tried to say it all coolly, and he did a pretty good job, although additional exasperation would have been understandable.

Look, he said, it makes sense, in considering the question of Central America, to start from the other end. The other end is: What do we desire to see *not* happen? Presumably, the Communization of Nicaragua as an expansionist, aggressive Soviet base. If we desire an end, then we desire the means appropriate to that end's realization, fair enough? If the baby is starving, first you go out and buy food. If you have no money, you beg for food. If no one responds to your supplications, then you steal it. If someone is there to keep you from stealing it surreptitiously, then you use force to steal it. Always the objective is to keep the child from starving.

Now in international affairs, the security of the state is the end, the realization of which is paramount. That is why when Jeane Kirkpatrick came on the same program she had so little difficulty in disposing of silly questions involving the World Court. Someone proposed that the World Court rule whether the mining of the harbors of Nicaragua was "legal." Mrs. Kirkpatrick countered that there is no body of law that governs legality when the matter of protection against aggression is raised. That, after all, is why we have a Security Council. It is that body that weighs threats to the peace. And, of course, that body was constituted with reality in mind, namely that no major power is going to permit a dozen judicial savants in Holland—some of them nominated by Soviet antinomians—to prescribe that which is lawful when the survival of the state is in question.

Now Daniel Patrick Moynihan has made a colossal fuss over the question of "legality," and he has not given satisfactory public attention to the question of legality up against illegality. In brief, how is one expected to act when an aggressor, observing no law, no codes, is dreadnoughting his way into your garden of liberty? But once we have pointed out this delinquency in Senator Moynihan, it remains true that although the mining of the harbors in Nicaragua could be said to be "legal" in the sense that self-preservation is legal, it was a miserably mistaken, maladroit thing to do. Precisely because it enhances the illusion that we need to act covertly to defend our vital interest, whereas we simply do not need to do so. That is why the alternative—a declaration of war—is so much more appealing. It is a superstition to suppose that a declaration of war requires instant mobilization, with atom bombs dropped on Monday and paratroopers on Tuesday. What the declaration of war says is that a power has become a hostile entity, and that the rules that govern relations between countries at peace with one another no longer apply. □

ON TO COLONUS

NEW YORK, APRIL 28

I MET HER, as it happens, before even her husband did, but it was only a casual afternoon outing: I and two college classmates, she and one of her brothers, afternoon in and out of the swimming pool, that kind of thing. All of this exercised under the watchful eyes of an affectionate but sternly moral mother who would not permit in the house any novel by William Faulkner because he used dirty words. The father was cosmopolitan and not, himself, a Roman Catholic, never mind that a devotion to her faith was his wife's principal extra-familial enthusiasm. All the paraphernalia of the leisured class were conspicuously about, as though a setting for a novel by James Gould Cozzens, or John Cheever.

I never came to know her, though there was a contact or two, and a lot of friends in common. But I watched, as so many others did, and the accumulation of griefs seemed—seems, now, with the death of David—very nearly unsupportable. The perspective is necessarily affected by one's own experiences. When my father died at 77 he left ten children, nine of them married, apparently happily so; all of them communicants in the religion in which they had been raised. It would not continue so, but there were those magic moments that froze three decades of happiness in ineffaceable memory.

Ethel Skakel Kennedy's mother and father were then killed in an airplane crash. The chronology here is not researched, and in any event is irrelevant. In due course her older, dashing brother was killed in another air crash. His widow choked at dinner, while eating chicken, or steak, or whatever. Her brother-in-law, the President of the United States, was assassinated. Five years later her husband was assassinated, leaving her pregnant with her 11th child. And now her fourth child is dead at 28, the victim, one is left to gather, of drugs, those spiritually incapacitating killers that—as they used to put it in another context on Sunday mornings—"roam through the world, seeking the destruction of souls."

Senator Edward Kennedy, as he has done since 1968, was immediately on the scene and spoke through an aide to the press. He said that he and his sister-in-law hoped that David would now find, in the company of God, the peace that had eluded him when he lived.

We have all been reminded of the scene in Los Angeles when the 13-year-old boy follows on television his father's political triumph in the critical primary, and stays glued to the television set following his father's footsteps to his execution. In the turmoil the child was forgotten for several hours, discovered finally by historian-journalist Theodore White, who could only think to console him by ordering hot chocolate and encouraging him to weep on White's shoulder. What else?

The story of Ethel Kennedy moves one necessarily to thought of the permanent things. How trivially fortune treats us, how heavily it concentrates its spite on some families. But there the examination must never end. What survives in this world also demands our attention, such women as Rose Kennedy, and Jackie, and Ethel.

"HISTORY," Whittaker Chambers wrote me (his final letter, a few weeks before his own death), "hit us with a freight train. History has long been doing this to people, monotonously and usually lethally. But we (my general breed) tried . . . to put ourselves together again. . . . But at a price—weariness. People tend to leave Oedipus, shrieking with the blood running down his cheeks—everybody nicely purged by pity and terror, and so home and to bed. But I was about 23 when I discovered, rather by chance, that Oedipus went on to Colonus." Where the blinded, tortured king became finally a source of strength for the country that gave him sanctuary.

So Ethel Kennedy gives strength, as does her family, by proclaiming publicly their faith that God's mysterious ways are to be accepted: wearily, perhaps, but not resentfully. What was it that caused David Kennedy to die? How was Oedipus (finally) taken? The narrator explains to the survivors that suddenly, after conversing with Theseus, Oedipus was gone. "No fiery thunderbolt of the god removed him in that hour, nor any rising of storm from the sea; but either a messenger from the gods, or the world of the dead, the nether adamant, riven for him in love, without pain; for the passing of the man was not with lamentation, or in sickness and suffering, but, above mortals, wonderful. And if to any I seem to speak folly, I would not woo their belief, who count me foolish." It is only in that sense that the departure of David can comfort his mother, and his family, and it is necessary that they be comforted. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

WHITTIER:

Poem on a Sundial

With warning hand I mark
time's rapid flight,
From life's glad morning to
its solemn night.
Yet through the dear God's
love I also show
There's light above me by the
shade below.

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

ATHEIST, 31, desires witty, slender, non-smoking SWF admiring capitalism, not altruism. 609-585-5540 Matthew.

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HIGH-SPIRITED NYC BLONDE, 27, 5'8", conservative Catholic, interested in dancing, politics, the fine arts, and the out-of-doors, seeks literate, honest, professional NYC gentleman, not unduly opposed to marriage and a pile of (gracious) kids. Write NR Box 3890.

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FEMININE, CONSERVATIVE NYC Anglican, good-humored, enjoys Shakespeare, Austen, and P. G. Wodehouse, long walks, dancing, and escargots; seeks gentleman, 22-32, for serious and light conversation. Write NR Box 3889.

SMILING, BLUE-EYED GEORGETOWN, D.C. nurse, 33, warm and caring outlook, loves movies, cooking, gardening, good friends, seeks tall, traditionally minded male companion. NR Box 3910.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. They love their land because it is their own, / And scorn to give aught other reason why (Fitz-Greene Halleck) — 17 106 155 148 115 66 31 85

B. Wrong — 32 107 73 50 122 158 184 86 161

C. Americans' favorite relative (2 words) — 37 131 101 96 167 185 149 61

D. Capital of Württemberg-Baden — 45 4 128 1 171 153 33 53 186

E. Author of the *Anabasis* — 162 120 54 24 141 68 87 34

F. You might find this footloose crawler in your yard — 176 88 102 117 110 42 18 129

G. A book that people praise and don't read (Mark Twain) — 181 150 62 89 78 69 108

H. The children of Bethlehem slaughtered by Herod's order (2 words) — 2 19 60 97 111 99 124 156 26 48 / 70 84 139

I. The period during which Jupiter Pluvius ruled — 5 35 44 76 80

J. When a man fears the Lord, his descendants ___ the earth. (Psalm 25:12, 13) — 41 177 154 142 28 125 56

K. The world's largest aquarium, in Chicago — 49 175 132 170 20

L. Telephone, ___, tell a woman — 67 3 127 52 178 143 79 165 182

M. Signed (slang) — 90 144 71 77 36

N. What Joseph Pulitzer wanted in the *New York World*, along with terseness — 100 8 22 57 114 82 38 135

O. This may look more impressive from the Canadian side — 16 29 39 116 55 104 121

P. Unscramble MORE WRATH — 109 173 58 146 9 64 179 183 164

Q. Mauritania's president, 1961-1978 — 133 59 75 81 163 65

R. The right to the use and enjoyment of the property of another — 140 91 6 157 10 21 174 40

S. A city in Passaic County, N.J. — 83 126 11 180 23 103 43

T. To declare the truth of — 168 112 118 93 12 136

U. Horses might think these diseased conditions of their feet are for the birds — 46 27 119 147 30 137 7 72

V. To check — 98 94 159 130 134 152 13

W. Where Ruth and Roth (but not Rath) played — 123 74 95 25 14 138 166 105

X. $C_{10}H_8$, used as a moth repellent — 63 15 51 47 92 113 145 151 160 169 / 172

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

							1 D	2 H	3 L		4 D	5 I	6 R	7 U		8 N	9 P	
10 R	11 S	12 T	13 V	14 W	15 X	16 O		17 A	18 F	19 H	20 K	21 R	22 N	23 S		24 E	25 W	
	26 H	27 U	28 J	29 O	30 U	31 A	32 B	33 D	34 E		35 I	36 M	37 C	38 N	39 O	40 R	41 J	
42 F	43 S		44 I	45 D		46 U	47 X	48 H		49 K	50 B	51 X	52 L	53 D	54 E	55 O	56 J	
57 N	58 P	59 Q	60 H		61 C	62 G	63 X		64 P	65 Q	66 A		67 L	68 E	69 G	70 H	71 M	
72 U		73 B	74 W	75 Q	76 I	77 M	78 G		79 L	80 I	81 Q		82 N	83 S	84 H	85 A		
86 B	87 E	88 F	89 G	90 M	91 R	92 X	93 T	94 V	95 W	96 C	97 H		98 V	99 H		100N	101C	
102F	103S	104Q	105W	106A	107B	108G	109P		110F	111H	112T	113X		114N	115A	116Q	117F	
118T		119U	120E	121Q	122B	123W	124H		125J	126S	127L	128D	129F	130V	131C	132K	133Q	
	134V	135N		136T	137U	138W		139H	140R	141E	142J	143L	144M	145X	146P	147U	148A	
149C	150G		151X	152V	153D	154J	155A		156H	157R		158B	159V	160X		161B	162E	
163Q	164P	165L	166W	167C		168T	169X	170K		171D	172X	173P	174R	175K	176F	177J	178L	
	179P	180S		181G	182L	183P	184B	185C	186D									

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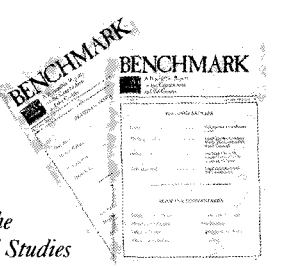

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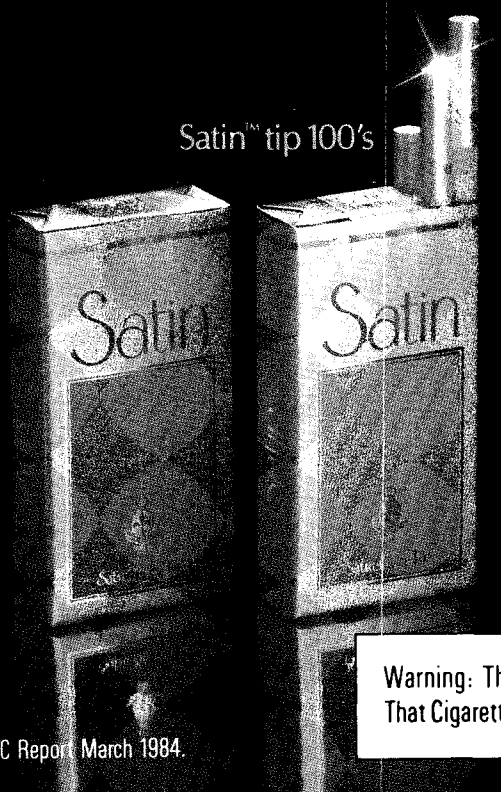

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